

# space city!

•formerly space city news•

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houston, texas

This is a Watchbird watching you.

remember kids... save the creek--  
smash the state!!



## We Shall Not Be Glued

by Dennis Fitzgerald

Following up on a lead from one of our readers – and in search of some fresh air – a few of us Space City folks piled into the trusty VW last Sunday, bound for the Big Thicket.

The lead was that a certain corporation was trying to dump a certain amount of crud into Village Creek, one of the few remaining unspoiled streams in East Texas.

Eager eco-freaks we, it was decided to go directly to the scene of the scheme. So we set

out on Hwy. 59, took a right at Livingston, jogged over to Woodville, then back down to Silsbee, home of Evans Products Supply, the crud dumper.

Silsbee is also, by the way, the home of Kirby Lumber Company, the granddaddy of East Texas lumber kingdoms. Kirby is an active participant in the struggle for a national park in the Piney Woods – 'course they want it their way. The lumber companies (the other major lumber company in the area is owned by Time-Life) object to the proposed concept of a single large national park, and are pushing instead for a "string of pearls," numerous smaller parks. The large park is a far better idea ecologically, allowing for the existence of a varied and balanced wildlife habitat. But that would cut into a lot of good lumbering country, so Kirby et al are pushing for selected "pearls," chosen for their particular beauty – and, no doubt, also for their relatively inaccessible timber.

But all of that's another story; we'd driven up to Silsbee to find out about Evans and Village Creek.

Evans' line is manufacturing particle boards, a useful commodity made from previous waste by-products. People seem to have some kind of dislike for scavengers, but it's a healthy concept: the more particle boards Evans makes, the less "garbage" Kirby has to burn.

However, every silver-lining has a cloud, and Evans' cloud is that they need about 150,000 gallons of water per day to wash out their glue pots. Now they want to dump this 150,000 gallons into Village Creek.

Naturally, there's a few of the local citizenry who object to this plan. But, maybe not so naturally, they're trying to do something to stop it. One of the most articulate of those folks is a man named Gordon Baxter, who writes a column for the "Kounze News."

We dropped in on Baxter and his family at their week-end home on Village Creek, not quite sure what sort of reception we'd get. But they took us right in, fed us barbequed sausage, and talked like we were old friends.

Baxter explained how he and his brother used to canoe down the creek when they were boys, and how they always dreamed of building a house on this sand bar. And now that they've got it, Evans wants to turn Village Creek into a sewage ditch.

The creek isn't quite like it was when Baxter was a boy. There's a little oil in it. Some brown sludge clings to the white sand bottom. And up the creek, a residential subdivision named Wild-

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20¢

25¢ out  
of town



## Can You Smell A Communist?

Space City Readers:

Nothing teaches like experience—especially if you want to understand what democracy is.

Well, to help you in the future I offer this true experience—that really made me understand what a democracy is, and isn't, and incidentally made me ponder whether a person can really smell a communist.

You see, I was selling Space City on South Shepherd and Richmond, nice and peaceful, really digging the warm weather after the bitter cold of the preceding days, when this bearded dude appears and asks, with a Cuban accent:

"What is this paper you are selling?"

Raised to tell the truth, I replied:

"A radical, new left newspaper."

Hearing this, he raised his hands and rolled his eyes and I knew I was in for it. Out of his mouth exploded, "You communist, you stink, you Castro, get out of this country and go to Cuba."

Instead of taking his advice, I carefully picked up my bundle of papers I had set down on a bench and continued to show them to the cars stopped for the red light.

More explosions followed me, hysterical sounds like raw nerves popping out of the mouth, "The paper is shit. You're shit. I know you. I've seen communists in Cuba. I've got to protect Americans who really don't know commun-



ists."

This sort of upset me but my job was to sell, not fight the wrong guy for the wrong reason, so I showed Space City to the gawking motorists who were wondering what the hell was going on.

As I made sales to motorists, Mr. Super America from Cuba got inspired, divinely inspired from Batista no doubt. He ran into a service station and returned smi-

ling triumphantly. For there in his hands held high for all the world on South Shepherd and Richmond to see, was a sign, heavens forbid, painted in red: "THIS MAN IS A COMMUNIST."

At first, motorists, seeing this bearded dude holding his red painted sign over my shoulder, just over the Space City newspaper I was showing, these motorists shook their heads, then either laughed or looked serious. (I guess that reflected what was on my face.)

After all, try to see what those motorists stared at: a guy with a longer beard than mine—who may have looked like a bigger "com-

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## LETTERS

1217 Wichita  
Houston 77004  
526-6257

### From Alaska

Hi there dear folks, and brothers and sisters down home:

Am writing to tell all ya'll about the heartfelt feelings I'm having over your paper and its contributing writers and to all of Houston town, I'm really happy and gladdened at your development!

Good articles, some good photos, clean layout and nice, futuristic vision art, Can't hardly believe that the Chicanos are getting it together, nor the progress made in the Highschools wooooe great, what blows my mind is the North Side Youth Movement. Being a resident in that part of town (prior to moving to here) and it was really the "tough" side of town, lots of beerdrinking, fighting and fussing allamerican cowboys, whew! rough for a pacifist. . .but some of them weren't quite as violent as others, hope they can be calmed down,

really they ain't no need for all that, as their mothers will tell them.

You're carrying good articles on what "happens" down there and just the right amount of sarcasm toward "those that hang back," or to quote Eldridge Cleaver "if you aren't part of the solution you're part of the problem."

Really peoples there ain't no need for all the internal friction amongst yourselves, believe in that Music. . .get together, come together, love and love that neighbor no matter what.

So shit man, talk to 'em, touch 'em, tell 'em what you think, I mean baby that there's straight, hardnoses out there, go soften 'em up, open your heart to them, and wait for the right situation. Say you're sitting in a cafe (and straight people are susceptible to a stoned head's good vibes), so lay God on them, or speak about fellowmen with love. . .or any casual remark dropped in their direction can arouse curious interest, then sock it to them, but above all be gentle and don't barb them.

I can imagine what the militants are

thinking, but to them I say "fuck off, you're on the right track goin in the right direction, but your track has got a curve in it so that later it can swing back and put you back. I say get on that straight track and don't go about committing violence to your brothers or sisters and our lovely earth."

You don't need violence, you need people, convinced people, together people, masses of them or small groups in a small place interconnected through trust, anyway people who are convicted to this cause feel more secure when they find themselves amongst more convinced people, you know?

Yeah, we'll be an example and teach one another the way cause its all in us and we all can do it but it must be us all or it ain't enough, dig?

Myself, I believe in Jesus but don't let that bring you down. The Beatles really say it on Abbey Road, Johnny Winter is great, so is James Taylor, Steve Miller's Children of Future, etc. Lots of good music, dig it.

Sincerely,  
Dale Smith  
Deep Bay, Alaska

you want to sell the paper, come by the Space City office at 1217 Wichita most any time. (Call 526-6257 to make sure somebody's there.) You buy them for a dime and sell them for 20 cents.

We could go on about our news and needs, but let's get to a short rap about the busts. We didn't write an article about the raid because we didn't have any particularly revealing information or angle, but we do have a few jumbled perceptions about the whole affair that we might as well pass on.

First, the Houston bust was part of a state-wide crack-down. Uncle Preston's trying to show his fangs. The Houston round-up came on the heels of a similar one in Austin, and was immediately followed by a big bust in Galveston.

Why did they do it now? We don't pretend to know. Could be purely political considerations: the ruling politicians generally time big busts to fit in with their complex political timetables — to please this lobby here or that bloc of voters there.

It's also obvious that the local bust at least (an in fact that entire class of spectacular sweep-up) was little more than laughable insofar as controlling dope goes. Hitting users and small-time pushers isn't about to dent the flow. It's clearly a propaganda move, perhaps aimed at instilling paranoia in the hearts of

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## Letter from The Collective



### SISTERS AND BROTHERS IN SPACE CITY,

We last wrote you one of these epistles from the Collective two issues ago, just before the holidays. Since then we've altered our name, leased some typesetting equipment (which will finally be in full operation next issue) and otherwise gone through changes.

This issue we want to make a few announcements about the state of the paper and then to comment a bit about an event of grave public concern: the recent dope busts! First some quick notes:

† space city! — We changed our name last issue. We warned you the change was coming in our last letter, but if you missed that one, here's why. A local organization has been publishing an obscure (we've never heard of it) newsletter called "Space City News" for over a year. The purpose of that newsletter is to investigate or communicate with or do something to flying saucers, we think. Anyway, they threatened to sue. We didn't feel it was worth the hassle to put up a fight (what's in a name, c'est la vie, etc.) — and, in any event, we're quite happy with our new banner.

† typesetting — our biggest on-going migraine since the paper's inception, has been getting our articles typeset. There aren't many places available: some are slow, some are too expensive, some have moral scruples! So we decided to lease one unit of an IBM Selectric Composer for \$150 a month. Thanks largely to financial help from some of our readers (Here's a big kiss to you folks: X), we got the machine just before presstime this issue. Much of the copy in this issue was done at the last minute on the new machine. That's also why much of it is unjustified (that is, jagged on the right side of each column) [fledgling typesetter's note: also why there's so many typos and other generally wierd things, but next issue: Perfect!] —there just wasn't time to get everything all straightened out, as it were.

† four-wheeled vehicles — we need them! There is a near desperate car shortage around Space City. If you have an extra one hanging around, well... We can even pay some money, if necessary, though it can't be very much.

† aid and abettance — Uncle Spacecity wants you! To write articles and letters and poems and make beautiful pictures. (We could especially use some articulate commentary on the music scene.) Also to draw drawings. Our beloved artist and brother — literally brother to at least two of us — Kerry Fitzgerald, is splitting for Austin and his inspired inkpot will be hard to fill!

And to sell the paper. Space City! street sales have been mushrooming the last two issues. Lots of new folks picking up on the word. Vendors are regularly hitting a number of busy street corners as well as the downtown lunch hour scene and such regular haunts as the Market Square-Allen's Landing area, concerts, high school and college campuses, flicks, and other people gatherings. If



Kalendoscope LNS



*Houston: 9 a.m.*



## sewer politics in texas

# WAR ON POLLUTION

In imitation of the War on Poverty, the Nixon folks are now pushing the War on Pollution. Nixon declared as his first New Year's resolution that "A major goal for the next ten years for this country must be to restore the cleanliness of the air, the water and that, of course, means moving also on the broader problems of population congestion, transport, and the like."

But while Tricky Dick says he's hot for ecology, his administration is busy behind the scenes gutting programs aimed at halting the rip-off of our environment. Here are a few examples:

1) Nixon opposed the congressional attempts to raise appropriations for sewage works from \$200 million to \$800 million because of inflation. Congress passed the \$800 million appropriation anyway, and the President signed the bill. The Administration now indicates, however, that it will not spend the extra money, but instead will junk the existing sewage grants program completely and institute another financing scheme which experts predict will inflate the bond markets and probably result in reducing the pitiful number of sewage works now planned.

2) HEW Secretary Finch recently testified against Sen. Muskie's bill, which would create a pilot program to test means of recycling solid wastes such as plastic, paper, tin cans and bottles. Finch said it was too costly.

3) C. S. has often pressured administrations to be more aggressive in requiring industries and municipalities to stop pollution. But Carl Klein, present assistant secretary of Interior in charge of water pollution programs, doesn't like to be pressured. He'd rather take it easy and negotiate than institute court action.

In October, the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration served "180-day notices" on U.S.

Steel, Jones & Laughlin, and Republic Steel, charging them with violation of the water quality standards. Among other things, the government said Jones & Laughlin discharges cyanide into the Cuyahoga River, which drains into Lake Erie, already a ghastly cesspool. Typically, instead of taking court action, the government gave the companies until April of this year to produce their "plans."

Klein is the same man who gave the "Mr. Clean Water" award to Edgar Speer, president of U.S. Steel. Listen to Mr. Speer on sewage treatment: "We oppose treatment for treatment's sake....Is an additional ten per cent improvement in fishing worth \$100 million?"

While oil pollution poses an incredible threat to our immediate environment, Mr. "Clean Water" Klein races around the country staging gimmicky teach-ins on ecology, and creating student groups called SCOPE (Student Council on Pollution and the Environment) to counteract the student-planned nationwide ecology teach-ins on April 22. Most important, Clean Water and everyone else in government wants to co-opt the eco-freaks before they go berserk and perform some barbaric anarchist act.

Recent activities in Texas have brought pollution into the headlines repeatedly. After increased pressure from Houston citizens, city council surprisingly has taken up the anti-pollution cause and nailed five local industries by voting on Jan. 14 to reject their petitions for air pollution variance extensions. The vote was even more surprising since it overrode the recommendations of Air Pollution Control Director John Lamont and the city Health Department — officials known to stand faithfully on the side of big business.

However, refusing to offend the companies which they are supposed to regulate, the Texas Air Control Board two days later overrode the council's advice

and granted variances to four of the five companies. Two protesters at the open hearing in Austin charged a conflict of interest because Board Chairman Herbert McKee is a chemical engineer with Southwest Research Institute in Houston, a firm that does pollution research for ship channel industries.

The board appropriately gave McKee a unanimous vote of confidence. Board member William P. Hobby Jr. charged one of the protesters with indulging in "irresponsible attacks on the chairman." Although Hobby's newspaper, the Houston Post, has recently printed numerous editorials on Mayor Welch's irresponsible management of the city's waste disposal problems, Hobby voted for the extension of all four variances that were approved. No one charged Hobby with "irresponsible attacks on the environment."

The four companies which the board blessed are: AMF Tuboscope, U.S. Agri-Chemical, Intercontinental Steel Corp., and Olin Corp. The application of Tenn-Tex Alloys was rejected unanimously.

Although we weren't able to attend the public hearing held in Houston on Jan. 14 by the President's Water Pollution Advisory Committee (chaired by Clean Water Klein), we've been told that the occasion brought out the true sentiments of the federal, state, county and city pollution control agencies.

Gov. Preston Smith had invited the Committee to inspect pollution progress in Texas in hopes of averting a threatened federal takeover of pollution control on the Houston Ship Channel and Galveston Bay. His plans apparently backfired, however, as the Committee exposed the ineffectiveness of local pollution control agencies by announcing that Galveston is by-passing 1.5 million gallons a day of raw

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## Chicago Conspiracy Trial

# You Can't Jail the Revolution!



Conspiracy defendant Abbie Hoffman at news conference with lawyer Gerry Lefcourt. Photo by Sheldon Ramsdell/LNS

The prosecutor asked the defense witness if he had heard demonstrators shouting "Pigs! SOBS! Fascists!" at the police. "Objection, your honor," said defense attorney Bill Kunstler, "The word 'fascist' isn't an obscenity, it's an ordinary word that describes reality. You can read it in the newspaper any day."

Judge Hoffman smiled and replied, "The only time I've ever seen the word 'fascism' in the newspapers these days, Mr. Kunstler, has been in connection with this trial."

By LIBERATION News Service

CHICAGO (LNS)—The Government prosecution in the Conspiracy 8 case, which consists of several U.S. attorneys as well as Judge Julius Hoffman, lost whatever legal cover-up a courtroom situation gives to repression when Bobby Seale was bound and gagged and sentenced to four years in prison for contempt.

As the Conspiracy trial grinds on, possibly culminating in early February, Bobby Seale's presence is constantly felt. The seven remaining defendants are taking what happened to Bobby Seale very seriously. The Government wanted the head of the Panthers put away immediately; it also wants the leaders of the white anti-war movement put away.

The past few weeks of the trial have shown up the techniques that the government is using to do that—techniques that have been used before in American justice, and techniques that will be

used more and more: distortion, innuendo, racism, red-baiting, sensationalism, and Julius Hoffman's now well-known brand of judicial fascism.

The defense has brought forward, for example, a series of church people to testify that the organizers of the August, 1968 demonstrations at the Democratic convention—the defendants—had sought out support in the community in order to find accommodations for the demonstrators, in order to prevent people from wandering the streets of Chicago at night during the Convention.

Every single defense reference to church support for the demonstrators and the Yippie's planned Festival of Life raised immediate objections from the Government. "Your honor," the prosecutor cried, "The church is not on trial here!"

At one point while Yippie Abbie Hoffman was on the stand, another reference to the church came up. Kunstler inquired about a meeting between Abbie and a Presbyterian minister in Grant Park.

"Objection! The defense is trying to bring in the church again!"

"Sus-tained."

The defense tried another tack, and began to ask a question about another meeting the same night in the park. The prosecutor tensed for an objection.

"Did you know that the person you were speaking with was a . . ."

"Object. . ."

". . . member of the Blackstone Rangers (a black Chicago gang)."

The prosecution stopped in mid-air and shut up. Conversations with ministers are taboo and irrelevant, but conversations with black people are not.

The Government is permitted to ask questions like, "What kind of chants were the demonstrators chanting in Lincoln Park that night? Weren't they chanting 'Off the pigs!' at the police and throwing missiles?"

(Abbie later testified, "Hell, no one called the cops pigs then. We reserved the term for corrupt politicians and judges.")

January 8th, Ed Sanders, poet, author, and rock and roller, testified about the Yippies. He got Judge Hoffman off his chair when he introduced himself as a "peace creep." He raised him a little higher when he explained that the second Yippie meeting had consisted of a half-hour's meditation in front of a Che poster followed by another half-hour during which he, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman and others strapped baggies full of ice cubes on their feet and ran about to "toughen their soles." He brought him full to his feet when he revealed during cross examination that the Yippies had planned for "dawn ass-washing" and a giant ceremony at Soldier's Field in which "Hubert Humphrey would confess to Allen Ginsberg his secret preference for anal intercourse."

But the defense is not permitted to ask questions like, "What kind of songs were being sung by demonstrators in Lincoln Park that night?"

Red-baiting has turned out to be a crucial part of the Government offensive, even though it has taken its crudest, more transparent form. The defense called Stewart Meacham, Quaker co-chairman of the New Mobilization to end the war, to the stand.

Meacham testified primarily about his recent trip to Hanoi to negotiate the release, to the U.S. anti-war movement, of American fliers captured over North Vietnam. In the course of explaining his own trip, he talked to the jury about similar trips made by defendants Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis and Dave Dellinger.

The defense expected the Government to bring up the Hanoi trips in order to discredit the defendants as "conscious enemy agents." Meacham's testimony served to explain the Hanoi trips in their relationship to the anti-war movement.

The prosecution responded to Meacham's testimony with questions such as:

GOVT: At that meeting (previously referred to) was Charlene Mitchell present?

WITNESS: Yes.

GOVT: And is she to your knowledge a member of any political party?

WITNESS: Yes.

GOVT: Do you know which one?

WITNESS: Yes, the Communist Party.

GOVT: No further questions, your



# NY Cops Bust People's Church

NEW YORK (LNS)—New York sheriff's deputies arrested 105 members and supporters of the Young Lords Organization, a revolutionary Puerto Rican group, Jan. 7, ending their 11-day occupation of a Methodist Church in New York's East Harlem.

The people surrendered without a fight. All were charged with civil contempt and were released without bail. Young Lord chairman Felipe Luciano and Minister of Information Yoruba were arrested later and were released on \$500 bond each.

On Sunday, Dec. 28, the Young Lords Organization took control of the church. The takeover was the final strategy of a six-week struggle with the church's Board of Directors and its minister, an anti-Castro Cuban named Dr. Humberto Carrazana, to get them to provide space for a breakfast program, daycare center and liberation school for the children of El Barrio.

Carrazana and the Board persistently refused to let the Lords use the empty church. Significantly, most of the members of the congregation are counter-revolutionary Cubans who come to El Barrio on Sunday from more affluent neighborhoods; they couldn't care less about the Puerto Ricans.

When New York Lords Chairman Felipe Luciano spoke to the congregation during Sunday services on Dec. 7 asking for space in the church, Carrazana called the police, who broke into the church, beat the Lords and their supporters, arrested 13 and sent eight to the hospital.

Thousands flocked to Iglesia de la

Gente since the Lords opened its doors. People drifted in and out of the church all day long. They had seen the leaflets that the Lords distributed throughout the community inviting them to Iglesia de la Gente, or they had heard the "word" that had spread throughout El Barrio.

People in the streets and the stores had been talking about the church that feeds the children. Many of the citizens of El Barrio had already met the Lords before, when they went from door to door in the community testing children for signs of lead poisoning. The children who eat at the breakfast program are the best recruiters of new visitors to People's Church. One boy pointed out nine of his playmates that he had brought inside to eat lunch.

People came to help. A black woman who heard about the Sunday takeover on the radio, baked a huge ham that night for the church. She came over the next day and with only two helpers cooked all day long for 300 people. Her husband is the minister of Chambers Church in Harlem, where the Panthers have a breakfast program. She was indignant—"I can't understand why the minister couldn't let the children eat here." One hundred and twenty-five children a day eat breakfast here now. The Young Lords ask guilt-ridden merchants all over the city for food. They hand it over.

Jose, 5, came every day. His mother brought him all the way up from the Lower East Side. "What do you like best about the church?" LNS asked. He grinned hugely—"THE FOOD!"

honor.

But then the defense asks a witness, "Would you please describe to the jury any acts of violence you saw committed by the Police Department of the City of Chicago on August 26, 27 or 28." Judge Hoffman wheezes and instructs those words to "go out," and the jury to disregard them.

Among the witnesses called by the defense who were effectively gagged by the government—though less brutally than Bobby Seale—were an official observer from the Chicago Bar Association whose remarks were stricken from the record when he testified to having heard cops chanting "Kill, Kill, Kill!" as they went after demonstrators; a series of Chicago ministers, and a local public defender who made a strong complaint about police brutality to the Chicago Police Department after seeing passersby brutally beaten on the street. His testimony that his complaints were intentionally ignored for months on end was objected to by the government as immaterial.

Much of the government offensive has read like a scandal sheet. The Yippie Nude-in that never happened has taken top billing. So have wild Yippie promises of free love in Grant Park. When Jacques Levy, the director of "Calcutta!" took the stand the entire government cross-examination centered around the play's nudity.

The heavy-handed injustice of the government's repression campaign has not been lost on at least one of the

jurors in the Conspiracy trial. The prosecution began to refer to that juror, a woman, as "The Rock," because to all appearances she will not be budged from her conviction that the government's case is a load of shit.

Unhappily, the juror made the mistake of "communicating" with her daughter at some point during the trial as to her sentiments about the trial. The daughter, unaware of the strict prohibition imposed on jurors concerning the case they are sitting on, got up at a public meeting in defense of the Conspiracy to announce "My mother is a juror, and she thinks the government hasn't proved a thing."

A helpful Chicago newspaperman who was present at the meeting offered his services to the Government to help "off" the juror who, as Judge Hoffman reminds her and her sequestered colleagues every day, is not permitted to talk with anyone about this case.

Defense lawyers got wind of the affair, and accused the government of readying an attack on the one juror who seems to be sympathetic to the Conspiracy.

Shortly afterwards, the government got up in open court and backed down. Perhaps the government decided not to rely publicly on the testimony of the reporter, who showed up drunk in court when he came to make his contribution. Or perhaps the prosecution is afraid of offending one juror so late in the case; not only might that result in a mistrial, but other jurors might rally in defense of "The Rock."

So many people came to the church. An old Puerto Rican lady came in, weeping. She was very hungry. No one was cooking in the kitchen so people took up a collection and went out and bought her some food. "Tell her about the medical program!" yelled one very young Lord.

Doctors from the Frantz Fanon Medical Group had been coming to the church to help the Lords wage a health offensive against political disease in the ghetto. Bill Bronston, a street doctor for the Lords and the Panthers, works in a small area partitioned off from the chapel. "We treat emergencies here—everything from diabetes out of control to this bump in the eye." He finished soothing a small black girl. But the most important part of the program, he said, is the offensive against the diseases that oppress all of the Barrio poor.

Bronston and the other Fanon doctors have taught the people of El Barrio how to administer the test for iron deficiency anemia. The little girl who just left to have her eye bathed is one of seven children in the Bobbit family. All of them have anemia, which makes them irritable and vulnerable to infections, and shortens their attention span—a fact which may lead to functional mental retardation.

Half the children the Lords have tested are anemic. A thin little boy waiting for his blood test, wore a big button which said, "Be nice to Me,

I'm going to be a GENIUS someday." If the Lords are allowed to continue dispensing iron pills and balanced meals in the Iglesia de la Gente, at least he'll have a chance.

All children under six who came to church were tested for lead poisoning. The babies of El Barrio get lead in their bloodstreams from eating the chipped paint that falls from tenement walls. Poisonous lead paint has been outlawed since the 1940s, and that's how long it's been since most of the landlords have painted the tenements.

Of 104 children tested for lead poisoning, both door-to-door in the ghetto and in the church, 34 were abnormal. Severe lead poisoning will cause damage to the nervous system, convulsions, physiological mental retardation and eventually, death.

The people's health offensive also includes de-toxication and education of junkies, tests for TB and malnutrition, supervision of cleanliness in the church, especially in the kitchen, and a program of education about medicine in the U.S. and how it operates just like any other capitalist industry to oppress the poor.

After the bust, however, will the Young Lords continue the clinic and the other programs? "If the people of El Barrio decide to take the church, then we would have to be with them," claim Young Lord leaders. "Otherwise we would be traitors to our people."



Young Lords' community dinner. Photo by Barbara Rothkrug/LNS

The important point is that a "hung jury incapable of reaching a unanimous guilty verdict, is now a real possibility.

Shortly after New Years, the Defense subpoenaed the Archivist of the United States to produce some 26 boxes of records which were collected by Walker Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence—the federally-sponsored commission that called the Chicago violence a "police riot."

The records contain material that the defense considers absolutely vital to their case—arrest records, hospital records, statements by Mayor Daley, statements by men who are presently prosecuting the government case against the Conspiracy, and the entire FBI report on the events in Chicago. The Archives have declared the material off-limits to the public for fifteen years.

Defense attorney Kunstler delivered a long, intricate legal explanation of why the records are crucial to the Conspiracy's case. Without them, Kunstler argued, their hands are tied.

Judge Hoffman has little compunction about tying anyone's hands, or about binding them, or gagging people, so he ignored the entire thrust of

defense legal arguments and quashed the subpoena.

Millions upon millions of words have never been said at the Conspiracy trial. Thousands and thousands of them that show up government repression for what it is have been ordered to "go out." At one point, Abbie Hoffman looked innocently at the judge and asked him "Where do they go when they go out?" Judge Hoffman glared at him.

But in fact the words do go somewhere. They are not lost on all the jurors. And in the end, they "go out" to the American people. If the words don't get said during this trial in the neon-lit 23rd floor courtroom in Chicago, they will "go out" at some other time into the streets and the communities, and thousands of other "conspirators" will commit the crime of working for liberation.

There will be other trials in the future, and the machinations of American justice will try to assure that the truth "goes out" and is struck from the record again and again. But in the end, the real criminals will be on trial; and when the people try their oppressors, none of their words will "go out."



# Rightists Hassle UH Prof



Right-wing vandals set fire to the Spring Branch home of Edgar Crane, University of Houston marketing professor and local anti-war activist, late Friday, Jan. 16.

Crane said he was awakened by his wife sometime around midnight to find flames leaping up to the second story windows of the home. He extinguished most of the fire with a garden hose. The local fire department later discovered two bleach bottles filled with gasoline in the front yard.

About an hour after the incident, Crane received a telephone call. A local policeman Crane had summoned listened in. Crane described the caller

as having a heavy southern drawl and said the call consisted of a threat on his life.

Earlier that evening, Crane had talked with a black Houstonian whom he had invited to speak to the Unitarian Fellowship (Crane's church) on racism at the University of Houston. (The speaker, incidentally, failed to show on the scheduled date.)

Crane said that the late night threat was worded in such a way that the caller must have heard the earlier conversation with the black person. Crane said that he had not revealed the name of this person to anyone, even his wife.

The conclusion that Crane draws from this is that his phone is tapped. And that recordings of his phone conversations are getting around.

"I know of only two groups that tap phones," he said, "federal and local. The local authorities either deliberately provided information to whoever set fire to my house, or they have a very bad security system."

Crane said he called the FBI twice and has tried to contact other state and local authorities. But there has been no response.

He said that the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) will pursue this case further. The ACLU is also planning to investigate the many other instances of right wing harassment of leftist organizations and individuals.

## AABL Trial: Jury Split

The trial of Eugene Locke and Dwight Allen, leaders of the University of Houston Afro-Americans for Black Liberation (AABL), ended Friday, Jan. 16 in a mistrial. The jury of four whites and two blacks could not agree on a verdict.

They are charged with inciting last spring's riot at the Cougar Den on the UH campus, which followed an assault on Locke by a group of white students. Twelve others have had charges filed against them for their alleged activities during what the press termed a "mini-riot."

Charges against Calvin O'Neal and Hester King were dropped. Lynn Eusan, last year's UH Homecoming Queen, pled not guilty to riot charges and is scheduled for trial on April 1, in Judge J.D. Guyon's court. Veronica Borian, Adele Boudreaux, Douglas C. Bernhardt, Sue Green and Doris Jones all pled "no contention" and were fined \$150 each. Margie Maile, originally charged with inciting to riot, pled guilty to a lesser charge.

A retrial for Locke and Allen is to be held March 3 in Judge Guyon's court.

According to a Space City staff member who was present at the time of the disturbance, Locke and Allen did not incite the riot. "In fact,"

he said, "when they got to the Cougar Den after the protest of inaction on the Locke assault by campus police, and they saw what was happening there, they persuaded everyone to stop what they were doing and leave campus. If anyone incited that riot, it was the people who attacked Eugene Locke and heightened the tension on an already up-tight campus. That's what really pissed people off enough to bust up the Cougar Den."

It is evident to those who were involved in the struggle to end racism at the University of Houston that Dwight Allen and Eugene Locke are not being prosecuted for their activities at the "mini-riot," but they are on trial because of their ability to show how institutions such as the University of Houston help perpetuate white supremacy. If convicted, they will join a long list of black political prisoners, jailed only because of their political actions and beliefs.

In order to maintain an adequate defense for Locke, Allen and the

other defendants, the general public are needed. Address all contributions to:  
UH Legal Defense Fund  
c/o Riverside National Bank  
2602 Blodgett Street  
Houston, Texas 78705

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?



## Jensen Clinic: Some Changes

The Jensen Clinic, an experiment in community medical care (see SCN No. 8), has taken a new turn in the past few months. It began as a typical liberal enterprise and ended up rejected by the black community. I will analyze the failure of the clinic in a subsequent issue of Space City, and will present here a summary of our past activities and our immediate plans.

The clinic shut down in November because we received few patients, our follow-up procedures failed, and because we received an impromptu "invitation" to leave from some local blacks. After analyzing our failure, we approached the Hester House Community Center in the Fifth Ward and asked the permission of the Board of Directors to set up our clinic at the service center. The Board is still considering our request, and has approved our use of the service center for an inoculation program for kindergarten children in the first week of February.

The leadership of the clinic has shown that people can learn from experience, though it is time-consuming and damaging to the purpose of the clinic. There has been a slow shift of emphasis from liberal "do-good" ideas to a more radical perspective. The Clinic was founded with the usual missionary

zeal most liberals have towards treating their down-trodden "black brothers." This condescending attitude towards the black people of Houston has changed now to one of more respect.

The people of Fifth Ward will now determine the future of the clinic: how it will be operated, where it will be set up, and what services will be offered. A responsive attitude has been established, in the belief that only the black residents know what is best for their health needs.

The history of the Jensen Clinic shows that ideas can change rapidly once a person stops talking and reading about a problem, and actually works on the problem with the people affected by it.

In my next article I will give a more detailed study of the clinic and I hope a more definite picture for the future. I will also compare the Jensen Clinic with the Peoples' Clinic of Chicago, run by the Black Panthers, to show how the radical movement is beginning to surface in the field of medical care for the people.



Tickets - \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50. Houston Ticket Service, Coliseum Box Office (9-5). All Brook May's Music Stores.





Rising Up Angry/LNS

# High School Rap-Up

The "revolution" in Houston high schools seems to have surged to a booming standstill. Early this fall, lots of things made it look like there was a real movement beginning. But since then, groups have been intimidated and/or absorbed by school administrations, or they've just run out of steam — with a few exceptions.

The big push in most schools has been against repressive rules on hair length and dress. Though suspensions in Houston still continue for "disruptive" grooming and "immoderate" garb, conditions generally are less up-tight. Rules have been liberalized, and students have been put on advisory committees to recommend changes to the administration (tossing down crumbs to sop up threatening vibes).

These semi-victories may be, to a large extent, the reason for the movement's slowing down right now. Almost nobody in the city has presented a clear, radical analysis of the educational system, and so when, following student pressure, the crumbs came down, a lot of people thought they'd got the whole cake.

The student union has been from the outset a very moderate and cautious force in the Southwest (wearing suits and heels to impress school board candidates). On the Northside, Students for Individual Rights has played the same role. Though individual students have been moving towards a better understanding of their conditions, this hasn't yet been reflected in organizing efforts. North Side Student Association at MacArthur (and to some extent, ARMAS at Davis) have been the only people who tried to link their experiences as students with their experiences as "real" people outside school. But for different reasons (intimidation and suspensions by school officials), it pretty much floundered.

But despite the lack of activity right now, the movement isn't dead. Lots of conversations have indicated that what's going on isn't the end, but just a sort of rest to figure out what has worked, what hasn't and what has to be done next.

The student union idea has bogged down. But there is still a lot of interest all over town, and enormous potential energy if people can get their stuff together. We need to figure out what a good school is (and what a good society is), and stop worrying about being called commies and looking respectable to people who don't deserve respect themselves.

The only student paper that's still publishing is Bellaire's "Plain Brown Watermelon"; but the court decision on Sharpstown's "Phlashlyte" showed that people can legally put out leaflets and papers — even though they may be forced to distribute off-campus for the time being. (Space City will give technical help to anybody who wants to start a paper or print leaflets.) There is talk of starting a city-wide high school paper, maybe this spring.

At least one high school group is trying to put together a serious, broad analysis of the school system. If this happens, we'll print as much of it as we can here — along with whatever additional ideas or rebuttals other people may have. Maybe with a better understanding of the problems, we can make decisions about programs and issues and tactics that will have a real effect on the schools.

We'd like for people to send us stuff (not too lengthy) on things like compulsory attendance, grading vs. pass/fail, integration/segregation/minority studies, curriculum, student-teacher-administration relations, the role of schools in this society, is universal literacy necessary or desirable, etc.

Meanwhile, here's what we've been able to turn up about different high schools in the Houston area.

**MACARTHUR** - (Aldine School District) Continuing harassment about hair, but dress regulations eased a little. A debate was set up between students and a vice-principal about student rights, but, of course, not much came of it. Efforts will continue this semester to establish an independent student organization (union).

**MADISON** - Leafletting was done four times during the year, mainly around hair regulations, once for moratorium. The first time, leafletting was attempted on school property, and a student from another high school was arrested and later convicted for trespassing. After that, leafletting was done off school property with no trouble from the administration.

**SHARPSTOWN** - Pretty quiet now. Restrictions on hair and dress have been eased. Some talk of starting up the student newspaper; "Phlashlyte" again later in the year.

**DAVIS** - Publication of student newspaper ARMAS temporarily stopped: "People just sort of drifted apart."

**BELLAIRE** - School renamed Watermelon High by students. (School colors are now red and green; school cheer is "Hold that rind.") Two issues of "Plain Brown Watermelon" distributed and a third being planned now. Bellaire court case on hair resulted in Houston School District's attorney being told to "lay off," a ruling which probably had a wide effect on the entire district. The decision last week by Judge Joe Inghram that Bellaire school officials

had the right to discipline students for circulating "Plain Brown Watermelon" on campus will probably be appealed, but meanwhile shouldn't hamper off-campus distribution.

**PASADENA** - (Pasadena School District) Girls can wear boots and maxi-dresses now after much hassle, but still no slacks. People would like to get up a petition to abolish the pants ban, but last year students were suspended for circulating an "unauthorized" petition. The park department has turned off electricity at Milby Park Sunday concerts, and bands have to use a generator now. Estimated three-fourths of students support student union concept. School board meetings are announced only in want ads of "Pasadena News Citizen," and students are unable to find out in advance when and where they are held. All principals and school board members in the Pasadena district were invited to a student union meeting at Prince of Peace Lutheran Church on Jan. 19, but only an assistant principal from South Houston showed up.

**WESTBURY** - Work continuing on organization of area-wide student union. Hair and dress restrictions eased.

**SPRING WOODS** - (Spring Branch School District) Mike Pritchard, who was suspended in early December for hair, last week lost his suit for readmission in Judge Hannay's court. A girl student who testified against the district during the trial was afterwards verbally assaulted by a school board member who promised, "We'll remember your name." Girls allowed to wear maxi-dresses, but no slacks.

**LINCOLN** - Absolutely no activity. People "are more interested in avoiding the system than in trying to change it."

**CLEAR CREEK** - (Clear Creek School District) Three students suspended last fall for distributing students' rights leaflet (one had National Merit Scholarship revoked and was kicked off student council). Administration continually hassles people about hair, dress and other petty regulations.

**RAYBURN** - (Pasadena School District) People were suspended in the fall for circulating an unauthorized petition for relaxing of regulations. Students threatened with expulsion if they were discovered to be attending student union meetings. Two weeks ago five girls were suspended for a day for wearing boots and maxi-dresses.

**SPRING BRANCH** - (Spring Branch School District) Pretty quiet now. Not much hassle from administration about hair, but girls still can't wear slacks, and freaks can expect to get stopped in the halls and searched for dope. Some suspected narcs were identified and chased out of school last November.

## Screwed?

I WAS SCREWED BY MY SCHOOL ON \_\_\_\_\_

THEY CLAIM I WAS \_\_\_\_\_

TRUE - SO WHAT? \_\_\_\_\_ COMPLETELY FALSE! \_\_\_\_\_

THEY SUSPENDED ME \_\_\_\_\_ EXPELLED ME \_\_\_\_\_ OTHER \_\_\_\_\_

MY NAME IS \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

CLIP OUT AND MAIL TO SPACE CITY! 1217 WICHITA, HOUSTON 77004. OR CALL 526-6257.





Canales Courts, an example of Houston's fine low-cost housing, in the Second Ward.

## Poor Tenants Confront Home Builders

Jesse Gray, long-time organizer of rent strikes, unsuccessful candidate for New York City Council and recently elected head of the National Tenants' Organization (NTO), spoke before an assembly of home builders at the annual convention here of the National Association of Home Builders (NAHB).

His remarks were applauded despite the fact that he had been thrown out of the auditorium earlier by Houston police at the request of a home builder.

Mr. Gray came to Houston to join Marcia Hubbard, state organizer for NTO, and Hulen Hill, who is waging a one-woman rent-strike at Shepherd Gardens Apartments (see SCN No. 2). Both women were instrumental in organizing the presentation before the NAHB. They felt that it would be a good idea to go before the home builders with the message that the people want their own homes, not public housing, and that they want to be included in the decision making. They did not anticipate that the home builders would be disturbed by their mere presence since their message was pretty much what the home builders wanted to hear.

This is "hard times" for builders because the interest rates on loans are high and they have a difficult time getting credit. So they will not be building many \$30,000 homes this year and must look instead to government subsidized building programs, the most important of which is the Sec. 235 program under which it is possible for some low-income families to obtain their own homes. If the home builders are to rake in a profit this year, government subsidized housing programs have to expand greatly. So a group of people coming to the NAHB convention to demand more low-cost single-family dwellings is like forcing candy on a child.

However, Mr. Gray and Mrs. Hill, who are black, and Mrs. Hubbard, who is chicano, were not exactly welcomed when they arrived at Astorhall with a group of local tenants and members of AABL (Afro-Americans for Black Liberation) and MAYO (Mexican-American Youth Organization). The three leaders had obtained guest passes and were attending a discussion on low-cost housing when a home builder, who happens also to be a slum-lord in New York, became angered by Gray's presence. Gray is an outspoken antagonist of slum-lords. He asked the police to remove Gray and the others. And, of course, they were removed immediately. No questions asked.

The NTO supporters, who had been standing outside in the hallway holding placards and handing out flyers, began chanting. This drew the attention of the convention staff who scurried to find out what the demonstrators wanted. When they read the flyer and found out that all the demonstrators wanted was in, they decided that it was not subversive to the interests of the home builders. So the staff people agreed to let the NTO leaders inside the room. At the same time, however, a lawyer representing the group was arrested by a plain-clothes cop wearing an identification

card which read "Chas. Howard, Howard Co." The lawyer had merely asked the cop to show him his police identification. The police also took numerous photographs of the group for future reference.

*"We need housing programs which are designed for the people who need help most — the old, the disabled, and families with incomes of less than \$3,000 per year. Present programs don't meet that need,"* the NTO printed statement read in part.

*"Home ownership programs are only available to families with income between \$3,500 and \$8,000 per year. This limitation effectively denies to millions of people across the nation the opportunity to live in decent single-family dwellings. In Houston alone, this means that scores of thousands of working people and those on welfare must live in run-down slum dwellings or in public housing."*



Canales Courts is owned by Mrs. Mary Lou Hofheinz, relative of millionaire Roy Hofheinz (see SCN No. 9).

*"We would also like to point out that the government's goal of building from 350,000 to 400,000 units this year for low and moderate income families is terribly insufficient. Houston alone is plagued with about 70,000 substandard dwellings which must be repaired or replaced, while New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and Detroit are even worse off."*

*"Why, you may ask, do we place so much emphasis on the idea of single-family dwellings? Because we know that multi-family dwellings as in*

## Austin Welfare Victory

Forty welfare recipients triumphed over the Austin school board Jan. 12, winning free lunches for all hungry children and ending a battle which began in November of last year.

Members of the Austin Welfare Rights Organization discovered last November that the lunch program in their schools was being administered illegally. Many children who needed free lunches were being denied what was rightfully and legally theirs.

Children of welfare recipients and other poor families were being forced to pay 40 cents for lunch, or in some cases were being made to work in the cafeteria to "earn" their lunch, both of which are illegal under the federal school lunches regulations. The free lunch program was not being publicized, so that most poor people did not even know that their children could be receiving free lunches. Many children simply went without lunch.

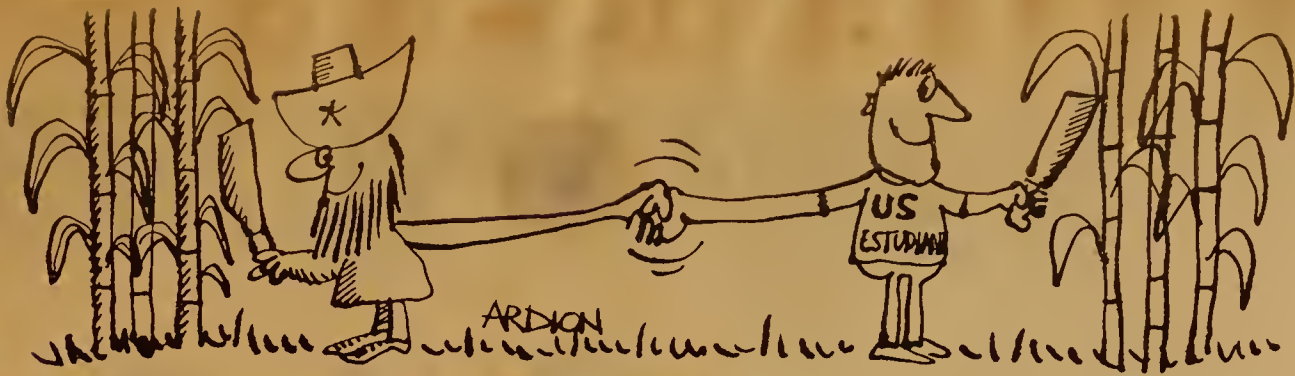
After unproductive meetings with principals and the school superintendent, the group planned an assault on the school board, asking for an end to unfair practices and for free lunches for all hungry children. Led by their chairman, Velma Roberts, the women took the meeting away from the school board and held the floor for two hours, laying out the injustices of the school lunch program and describing the suffering of their children. School board members were reluctant to admit to their injustices. But they were forced to accept the truth of the accusations, when faced with statements from 40 mothers and the students and lawyers who supported them.

In an attempt to buy off the protestors, the board promised to make some changes by next September, and assured the women that their own children would receive free lunches immediately. Unmoved, the mothers refused to leave until the board agreed to feed all hungry children immediately. The board finally agreed to begin feeding all hungry children the following day.

Any child without lunch money will now receive a free lunch immediately, without any bureaucratic hassle or humiliation, and all that is necessary to apply for the program on a permanent basis is a phone call to the school.

*government housing projects are not the solution to the problem of housing for people with low income. Housing projects have too high concentrations of people leading to friction between neighbors and physical deterioration. Life in a public housing project is too often unhappy, unhealthy and lacking in dignity for the individual. Projects just aren't desirable places to live in with the result that many people would rather live in dilapidated shacks than in 'nice' projects. The country is going to have to find another method of housing people with low income."*





# VENCEREMOS!

By Gene and Dick Cluster

CAMPAMENTA BRIGADA VENCEREMOS, Cuba (LNS)—“You wouldn’t catch me cutting sugar cane in the States, and in any job I had there, I’d work hard the first couple of days, then skulk around trying to find ways to get out of work, to take 20 minute coffee breaks. Here, I’m constantly trying to work harder, calling meetings with other people to talk about how we can work better.”

--Brigade Member

The Venceremos Brigade is no tourist trip to Cuba. For the last two weeks the people will tour, but the bulk of the trip is about work.

The brigade consists of 216 North Americans and about 70 Cubans who cut cane at the Ruben Martinez Villena sugar mill, which used to be the property of Hershey Chocolates. We cut and pile cane seven hours a day, beginning at 7 a.m., five and a half days a week. The rest of the time, we learn about Cuba through trips, films and talks, through visits from such Cubans as the first volunteer brigade in Havana Province to cut a million arrobas (one arroba equals 25 pounds), the ten Vietnamese fighters and workers here to take part in the harvest, Fidel himself.

In Cuba’s socialist economy work means something different from what it means in the U.S.

“In the States, I only worked when I got hard up for bread, and, like, the first week here, it was really getting to be a drag, but, you know, as I adjusted myself to working day in and day out, it’s real cool now. The day passes real quick. In the U.S., you’re a surplus product, you know, what’s called profit and what goes to taxes and new machines. In Cuba this is appropriated by the six, seven, eight million Cuban people in the battle against underdevelopment. Not only that, but I’m getting more necessary products, like food and clothing and like that than I would in the States.”

“Here you feel like you’re working for everyone. Mercedes, a Cuban, looked up one day in the field and noted the smoke coming out of the mill smoke-stack. She said, ‘Oh, look, our sugar

mill has started working.’ Can you imagine that in the States? ‘Our sugar mill?’”

\* \* \*

Another thing to say is what hard work cutting cane is. Every day the waking up noises, usually songs in Spanish, come across the loudspeaker at a quarter of six, and every day we leave for the fields by a quarter to seven or seven, and walk some half a mile or a mile to the field.

And it’s freezing cold. Well, it’s not freezing cold, but it’s cold enough to want a jacket, and your hands are cold and it’s wet and foggy, and everything is very slow for the first hour. And your hands hurt when you hit the cane because it’s so cold, and by the time it’s 11 and you quit, you’re sweating, and your sweat is running down around the protective eyeglasses that everyone wears. (They’re new--just in the last couple of years -- before that they lost a couple of eyes in each harvest.)

Then back to the field at three after you haven’t had time to wash your clothes and go to lunch and get a blister bandage and talk to all the people you wanted to talk to -- and sleep. The first hour in the afternoon is even hotter than the last hour in the morning. It’s hard to talk when you’re cutting, though we do it sometimes, but it slows you down, you really have to just cut.

“Cubans work eight hours a day, seven days a week, for as many as ten months in the harvest. It’s nothing strange for a Cuban to do it, though it would be impossible for us. We can’t really understand, as a Cuban would, the harvest and what it really means to Cuba. We don’t remember when cane-cutters got 40¢ a day.”

There is a whole different attitude towards work here, in which all work is important. The work of the cooks in the kitchen and the people in the camp is seen as just as important as the work of the cutters. It’s really the change in people’s work role in a revolution--it’s that just as much as it’s the fact that salaries are evened out and everybody can be trained for anything.

Out of actually working in the revolution, Americans can obtain a much more real understanding about what used to be just rhetoric.

“This is really turning into some

kind of understanding of how groups can work together and achieve something. I didn’t expect to find this. It might just be a function of the camp experience, but I think it’s more than that. We’re always talking about what communism means.”

people. You can’t transfer this to the States, of course, but just seeing that there can be an atmosphere in which your head is together and you can work well must affect what you can do when you get back.”

“When you put the sugar in your



Cartoon by Nuez, an editor of Palante, Cuban humor magazine/LNS

“I’ve always talked about working for a whole people, always argued that socialism can work. But in the back of my head, I wondered if I was just naive. But now, I’ve seen it. I know it works. I’ve felt it. And I’m not worrying about money, about having to borrow three cents to get to work. I understand what a society that is just beginning to do away with money is, rather than just saying it over in my mind.

\* \* \*

“A Cuban was talking about the fact that in 15 years or so, the Cubans will be well enough off to only work maybe three or four hours a day. He said there’s going to be plenty of everything, but people are still going to work eight hours because we still have to work to help the rest of the Third World and Latin America. His whole feeling that it’s not just Cuba but the oppressed peoples of the world is a fantastic thing and it just keeps coming up whatever the occasion.”

\* \* \*

“My head here is in an incredibly better place. It’s a surprise to most

coffee in the U.S., you don’t think about how much labor went into it. Now for the rest of my life, when I see a tablet of sugar, I’m gonna think about how much labor went into it. It probably came from Puerto Rico, or something like that. It’s hard work here, but I know all the sugar I consume in the U.S. comes from labor like that, which is immeasurably much harder, mentally as well as physically.”

The Venceremos Brigade is not a vacation. Cuba is an underdeveloped country in the midst of tremendous effort and there is no room for anyone who doesn’t work. Americans here don’t suddenly lose all their hang-ups. There are plenty of tensions in the camp and a few Americans don’t like it. But the following opinion is representative without a doubt:

It’s a great experience to see the difference between the two societies (U.S. and Cuba)—the one a decaying society, the other a society that is just being born.

## PREGNANT?

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—Mr. Lindsay Peterson

Berkeley, Calif.: 415/848-6036

—Mr. Robert Marson

L.A., Calif.: 213/454-0078

—Mr. James Fielder



# ON THE PICKET LINE

The beginning days of the 1970's find over 150,000 women and men, members of 13 different labor unions, on strike against a common enemy which they have fought constantly over the years — the General Electric Company. The times have changed a lot in the past few decades, but many things remain nearly the same.

Back in 1946, there was a nationwide strike of GE employees, much like the struggle today. People were fighting then for the same simple things they need and demand today — reasonable working conditions and decent pay for their work. The small group of powerful company owners were trying to starve their employees into crawling back to work. The company claimed, among other things, that they were "fighting inflation". Two years later, in 1948, General Electric was convicted of conspiring with Nazi Germany's Krupp corporation to fix prices.

Twenty years later, they're still "fighting inflation." Twenty years later, they're still fixing prices.

In 1947, GE Vice-President Lemuel Boulware began the official company policy of offering a wage increase of a few pennies and refusing to negotiate. In 1968, there were over 400 small strikes against GE because of its refusal to arbitrate differences with its employees.

In 1960, GE was convicted of unfair labor practices for refusing to bargain collectively with workers. In 1970, GE has just filed an appeal to over-turn that court decision.

Four members of the present GE Board of Directors were at the top of the military establishment during the Eisenhower administration when the Vietnam war was being planned. General Electric is still making millions by selling weapons to the military.

Today, General Electric is the fourth largest industrial corporation in America and the second largest defense contractor.

The issues in the present three-month-old strike are simple. The workers are demanding better wages and working conditions. They want a cost of living clause in their contract so that inflation won't reduce the buying power of their wages. Because of inflation, wages in 1969 bought less food and clothing than in 1966!

A demand which is of particular interest to the workers in Houston calls for the elimination of geographical wage differentials. This means that workers in Houston will get the same pay for a certain job level as a worker up north.

A few of us talked recently with some of the strikers at picket lines near Houston area plants.

Give them some support by visiting picket shacks at 4435 W. 12, 3530 W. 12, or 23 Japhet off Clinton Drive.

AND SUPPORT THE NATION-WIDE GE BOYCOTT BY REFUSING TO BUY GE AND HOTPOINT PRODUCTS!

— S.S. Bishop

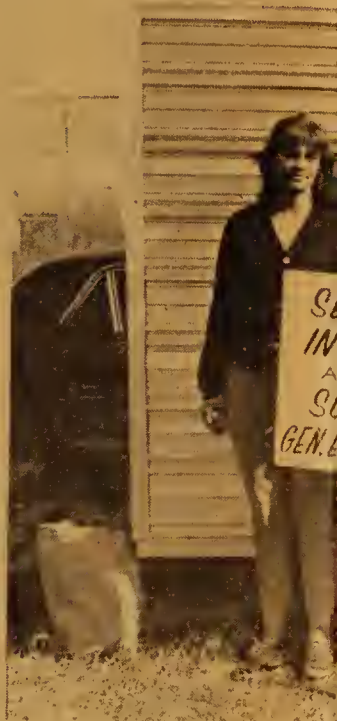


Loyde Hailey, IBEW local 716

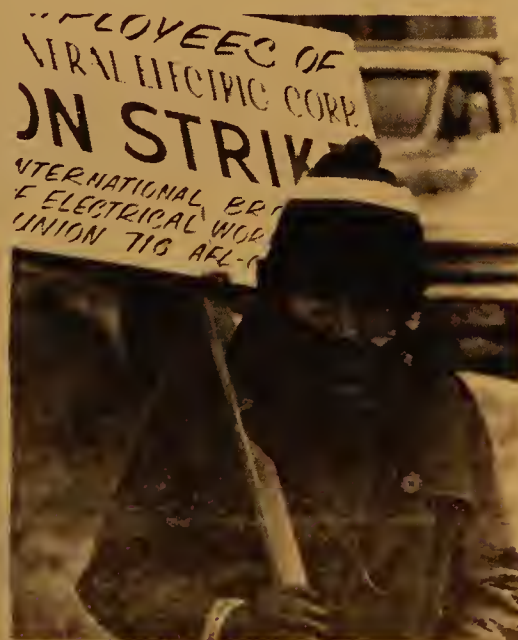
"The scabs? Most of them are young boys going from one job to another — or student drop-outs going to work and back to school later maybe. They don't seem to even know what a strike is. They ask us, 'Are you on strike? Is everybody on strike?'"

At Hailey's plant, only 6 of the 240 workers, both union and non-union, have gone back to work. "One guy in there is up for retirement soon, and they [GE] scared him that he wouldn't get his retirement. There's no way they can do that, but they brainwashed him."

"How do I feel being on strike? Like I'm not going to be pushed around 18 years now, and I've worked for 18 years. I ought to pay decent wages. I ought to do what's right," Hailey said. He added, "Our wages are way back to



Patricia Smith, Dixie Fischer, Fern



Aurora Garcia, IBEW Local 716



Lionel Johnson, IBEW Local 716



# NES AT GE

re against a company as big as GE? I feel  
ed all my life. I've been working here  
ed hard for what I've got. I think GE  
ke the other big companies. I believe I'm  
aid. Fellow striker, Mrs. Ollie Haiken-  
re not coming up with the cost of living  
1966."



Mano Estrada and Mary Catherine Drodz, IUE local 786

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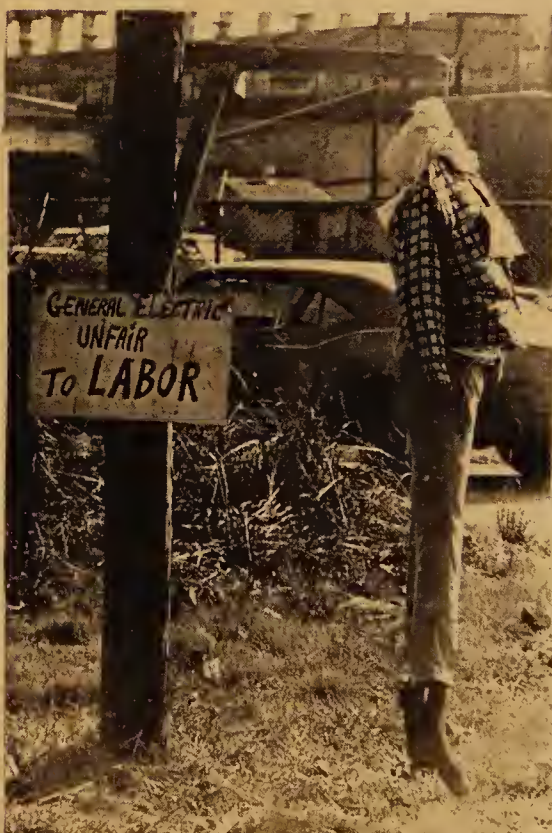
Irene Guerra, IUE local 786



Howard Dean and Dean Walker, IUE local 1008

"The boycott's going pretty good across the country -- but, of course, in this part of the country it's hard to get anything going because people don't want to stick together," said Walker.

One problem with the boycott is lack of publicity. "I think GE controls the Chronicle -- they do all their advertising with them, so anything the Chronicle runs is pro-GE, and the Post doesn't run anything."



Plant manager is a real dummy, and, boy, is he hung up!



# REFUGEES FROM AMERIKA: A GAY PERSPECTIVE

by Carl Wittman

San Francisco is a refugee camp for homosexuals. We have fled here from every part of the nation, and like refugees elsewhere, we came not because it is so great here, but because it was so bad there. By the tens of thousands, we fled small towns where to be ourselves would endanger our jobs and any hope of a decent life; we have fled from blackmailing cops, from families who disowned or 'tolerated' us; we have been drummed out of the armed services, thrown out of schools, fired from jobs, beaten by punks and policemen.

And we have formed a ghetto, out of self protection. It is a ghetto, rather than a free territory, because it is still theirs. Straight cops patrol us, straight legislators govern us, straight employers keep us in line, straight money exploits us. And we have pretended everything is OK, because we haven't been able to see how to change it—we've been afraid.

In the past year, there has been an awakening of gay liberation ideas and energy. How it began we don't know: maybe we were inspired by black people and their liberation movement; we learned to stop pretending from the hip revolution. Amerika in all its ugliness has surfaced with the war and our national leaders. And we are repulsed by the quality of our ghetto life.

Where once there was frustration, alienation, and cynicism, there are new traits among liberated gays: we are full of love for each other and are showing it; we are full of anger at what has been done to us. And as we recall all the self-censorship and repression for so many years, a reservoir of tears pours out of our eyes. And we are euphoric, high, with the initial flourish of a movement.

We want to make ourselves clear; our first job is to free ourselves, and that means clearing our heads of the garbage that's been poured into them. This article is an attempt at raising a number of issues, and present some ideas to replace the old ones. It is primarily for ourselves, a starting point for discussion. If straight people of good will find it useful in understanding what gay liberation is about, so much the better.

It should also be clear that these are the views of one person, and are determined not only by my homosexuality, but my being white, male, and middle class. It is my individual consciousness. Our group consciousness will evolve as we get ourselves together—we are only at the beginning.

## on orientation

1. What homosexuality is: Nature leaves undefined the object of sexual desire. The gender of that object is imposed socially. Humans originally made homosexuality taboo because they needed every bit of energy to produce and raise children: survival of the species was a priority. With overpopulation and technological change, that taboo continues only to exploit us and enslave us.

As kids, we refused to capitulate to demands that we smother our feelings toward each other. Somewhere we found the strength to resist being indoctrinated, and we should count that among our assets. We have to realize that our loving each other is a good thing, not an unfortunate thing, and that we have a lot to teach straights about sex, love, strength, and resistance.

Homosexuality is not a lot of things. It is not a makeshift in the absence of the opposite sex; it is not hatred or rejection of the opposite sex; it is not genetic; it is not the result of broken homes (except inasmuch as we could see the sham of American marriage). **Homosexuality is the capacity to love someone of the same sex.**

2. **Bisexuality:** Bisexuality is good; it is the capacity to love people of either sex. The reason so few of us are bisexual is because society made such a big stink about homosexuality that we got forced into seeing ourselves as either straight or non-straight. Also, many gays got turned off to the ways men are supposed to relate to women and vice-versa, which is pretty fucked up. Gays will begin to turn on to women when 1) it's something that we do because we want to, and not because we should; 2) when women's liberation changes the nature of heterosexual relationships.

We continue to call ourselves homosexual, not bisexual, even if we do make it with the opposite sex also, because saying "Oh, I'm Bi" is a cop out for a gay. We get told it's ok to sleep with guys as long as we sleep with women, too, and that's still putting homosexuality down. We'll be gay until everyone has forgotten that it's an issue. Then we'll begin to be complete.

3. **Heterosexuality:** Exclusive heterosexuality is fucked up; it is a fear of people of the same sex, it is anti-homosexual, and it is fraught with frustrations. Heterosexual sex is fucked up, too; ask women's liberation about what straight guys are like in bed. Sex is aggression for the male chauvinist; sex is



Drawing by Charles Arthur Turner

obligation for traditional women. And among the young, the modern, the hip, it's only a subtle version of the same. For us to become heterosexual in the sense that our straight brothers and sisters are is not a cure, it is a disease and a cop out.

## on women

1. **Lesbianism:** It's been a male dominated society for too long, and that has warped both men and women. So gay women are going to see things differently from gay men; they are going to feel put down as women, too. Their liberation is tied up with both gay liberation and women's liberation.

This paper speaks from the gay male point of view. Although some of the ideas in it may be equally relevant to gay women, it would be arrogant to presume this to be a manifesto for lesbians.

We look forward to the emergence of a lesbian liberation voice. The existence of a lesbian caucus within the New York Gay Liberation Front has been very helpful in challenging male chauvinism among gay guys and anti-gay feelings among women's lib.

2. **Male Chauvinism:** All men are infected with male chauvinism—we were brought up that way. It means we assume that women play subordinate roles and are less human than ourselves. (At an early gay liberation meeting, one guy said,

"Why don't we invite women's liberation, and they can bring sandwiches and coffee.") It is no wonder that so few gay women have become active in our groups.

Male chauvinism, however, is not central to us. We can junk it much more easily than straight men can. For we understand oppression. We have largely opted out of a system which oppresses women daily—our egos are not built on putting women down and having them build us up. Also, living in a mostly male world, we have become used to playing different roles, doing our own shit-work. And finally, we have a common enemy: the big male chauvinists are also the big anti-gays.

But we need to purge male chauvinist behavior and thought among us. Chick equals nigger equals queer. Think about it.

3. **Women's liberation:** They are assuming their equality and dignity and in doing so are challenging the same things we are: the roles, the exploitation of minorities by capitalism, the arrogance of straight white male middle class Amerika. They are our sisters in struggle.

Problems and differences will become clearer when we begin to work together. One major problem is our own male chauvinism. Another is uptightness and hostility to homosexuality that many women have—that is the straight in them. A third problem is differing views on sex: sex for them has meant oppression, while it has been the symbol of our freedom. We must come to



understand each other's style, jargon and humor.

We want to begin more intensive discussions with women's liberation. And in any case we must support their demands and understand their viewpoint.

## on rules

### 1. Mimicry of straight society:

We are children of straight society. We still think straight; that is part of our oppression. One of the worst of straight concepts is inequality. Straight (also white, English, male, capitalist) thinking views things in terms of order and comparison. A is before B, B after A; first is higher than second is higher than third; there is no room for equality. This idea gets extended to male/female, on top/on bottom, spouse/non-spouse, heterosexual/homosexual; boss/worker, white/black, rich/poor. Our social institutions cause and reflect this verbal hierarchy. This is Amerika.

We have lived in these institutions all our lives. Naturally we mimic the roles. For too long we mimicked these roles to protect ourselves—a survival mechanism. Now we are becoming free enough to shed the roles which we've picked up from the institutions which have imprisoned us.

Stop mimicking straights, stop censoring ourselves.

2. Marriage: Marriage is a prime example of a straight institution fraught with role-playing. Traditional marriage is a rotten, oppressive institution. Those of us who have been in heterosexual marriages too often have blamed our gayness for the breakup of the marriages. NO. They broke up because marriage is a contract which smothers both people, denies needs, and places impossible demands on both people. And we had the strength, again, to refuse to capitulate to the roles which were demanded of us.

Gay people must stop gauging their self respect by how well they mimic straight marriages. Gay marriages will have the same problems as straight ones, except in burlesque. For the usual legitimacy and pressures which keep straight marriages together are absent—kids, what will parents think, what will neighbors think.

To accept that happiness comes through finding a nice spouse and settling down, showing the world that "We're just the same as you" is avoiding the real issues, and is an expression of self hatred.

3. Alternatives to Marriage: People want to get married for lots of good reasons, although marriage doesn't often meet those needs. We're all looking for security, a flow of love, a feeling of belonging and being needed.

These needs can be met through a number of social relationships and living situations. Things we want to get away from are: 1. exclusiveness, propriety attitudes toward each other, a mutual pact against the rest of the world; 2. promises about the future, which we have no right to make and which prevent us from, or make us feel guilty about, growing; 3. inflexible roles, roles which do not reflect us at the moment but

are inherited through mimicry and inability to define equalitarian relationships.

We have to define for ourselves a new pluralistic, role-free social structure for ourselves. It must contain both the physical space and spiritual freedom for us to live alone, live together for a while, live together for a long time, either as couples or in larger numbers; and the ability to flow easily from one of these states to another as our needs change.

Liberation for gay people is defining for ourselves how and with whom we live, instead of measuring our relationships by straight values.

4. Gay 'stereotypes': The straights' image of the gay world is defined largely by those of us who have violated straight roles. There is a tendency among 'homophile' groups to deplore gays who play visible roles—the queens and the nellys. As liberated gays, we must take a clear stand: 1) gays who stand out have been the most courageous among us; they came out and withstood straight disapproval before the rest of us. They are our first martyrs; 2) if they have suffered from being open, it is straight society whom we blame for that suffering.

5. Closet queens: This phrase is becoming the equivalent of 'uncle tom'. To pretend to be straight sexually, or to pretend to be straight socially, is probably the most damaging pattern of behavior in the ghetto. It has many forms—the married guy who makes it on the side secretly; the guy who will go to bed once but who won't develop any gay relationships; the pretender at work or school or home who changes the gender of the friend he's talking about; the guy who'll suck cock in the bushes but who won't go to bed.

Closet queenery must end. If we are liberated, we are open with our sexuality. Come out. Come out. Come out.

But: in saying come out, we have to have our heads together about a few things: 1) closet queens are our brothers, and are to be defended against attacks by straight people. 2) Fear of coming out is not totally paranoid: the stakes are high—loss of family ties, loss of job, loss of straight friends—these are all real risks. Each of us must make the steps toward openness at our own speed and on our own impulses. Being open is the foundation of freedom; it has to be built solidly. 3) Closet queen is a blanket term covering a multitude of forms of defense, self-hatred, lack of strength, and habit. We are all closet queens in some ways, and all of us had to come out—very few of us were 'flagrant' at the age of seven! We must afford our brothers and sisters the same patience we afforded ourselves. And while their closetness is part of our oppression, it's more a part of their oppression; they alone can decide when and how

## on oppression

It is important to catalog and understand the different facets of our oppression. There is no future in arguing about degrees of oppression. A lot of 'movement' types come on with a line of shit about homosexuals not being oppressed as much as blacks or Vietnamese or workers or women. We don't happen to fit into their ideas of class (or caste). Bull! When people feel

oppressed, they act on that feeling. And we feel oppressed. Talk about the priority of black liberation or ending imperialism over our 'problem' is just anti-gay propaganda.

1. Physical attacks: we are attacked, beaten, castrated and left dead over and over again. There are half a dozen known unsolved slayings in San Francisco parks in the last few years. "Punks," often of minority groups who look around for someone under them socially, feel encouraged to beat up on "queers," and cops look the other way. If we recall, that used to be called lynching.

Cops in most cities have harassed our meeting places: bars, baths, parks. They set up entrapment squads. A Berkeley brother was murdered by a cop this spring when he tried to split after finding out that the trick who was making advances to him was a cop. Cities set up 'pervert' registration, which if nothing else scares our brothers into the closet.

One of the most vicious slurs on us is to blame us for prison 'gang rapes.' These rapes are invariably done by people who consider themselves straight. The objects of these rapes are us and straights who can't defend themselves. The press campaign to link prison rapes with homosexuality is an attempt to make straights fear and despise us, so they can oppress us more. It's typical of the fucked up straight mind to think that homosexual sex means tying a guy down and fucking him. That's aggression, not sex—and if that's what sex is for a lot of straight people, that's their problem, not ours.

2. Psychological warfare: right from the beginning we have been subjected to a barrage of straight propaganda. Since our parents don't know any homosexuals, we grow up thinking that we're alone and different and perverted. Our school friends identify 'queer' with any non-conformist or bad behavior.

Our elementary school teachers tell us not to talk to strangers or accept rides. Television, billboards and magazines pour

forth an unreal idealization of male/female relationships, and make us wish we were different, we were 'in'. In family living classes we're taught how we're supposed to turn out. And all along, the best we hear, if anything, about homosexuality is that it's an unfortunate problem.

3. Self oppression: As gay liberation grows, we will find up tight brothers and sisters, particularly those who are making a buck off our ghetto, coming on strong to defend the status quo. This is self-oppression: 'don't rock the boat'; 'things in SF are ok'; 'gay people just aren't together'; 'I'm not oppressed'. These lines are out of the mouths of the straight establishment. A large part of our oppression would end if we would stop putting ourselves and our pride down.

4. Institutional: Discrimination against gays is blatant, if we open our eyes. Homosexual relationships are illegal, and even if these laws are not regularly enforced, they encourage and enforce closet queenery. The bulk of the social work/psychiatric field looks upon homosexuality as a problem, and treats us as sick. Employers, notably big business and with few exceptions government, let it be known that our skills are acceptable only as

long as our sexuality is hidden.

The discrimination in the draft and armed services is a pillar of the general attitude toward gays. If we are willing to label yourself publicly not only as homosexual but as sick, we qualify for deferment; and if we're not 'discreet' (dishonest) we get drummed out of the service. Hell no, we won't go—of course—but we can't continue to stand back and let the army fuck us over this way, either.

—the Berkeley Tribe

(The second part of this article will appear in the next issue.)

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# Cosmic Symphony?

by Gary Chason

Residing in one room of the Rice Art Gallery is a Dream House, created by LaMonte Young and Marian Zazeela. Housed therein is "a continuous frequency environment in sound and light" which is a section of a work entitled "Map 49's Dream The Two Systems of Eleven Sets of Galactic Intervals Ornamental Light-years Tracery," which is in turn only a part of a longer work, "The Tortoise, His Dreams, and Journeys."

Here's the set up: longish room; projections (of the geometric-design variety, in pretty colors) at one end, movie style, except with very little movement, believe me; Zazeela and Young sitting lotusly amidst gangly electronic paraphernalia on a carpet below the projections; "S" shaped metal thingies dangling from the ceiling; sounds (electronically diddled Japanese-religious-sounding vocal tone clusters) emanating from two speakers at the opposite end of the room from the projection surface.

The music is produced by Zazeela and Young singing vowel sounds ("om" is the only description that comes to mind) at slightly varying pitches into microphones. There is a continuous electronic

drone accompanying their singing. That, with variations so minimal as to be nearly indiscernible, is it! Or at least that's all that happened while I was there.

As you probably have already sensed, I did not particularly dig my visit to the Dream House. In fact, I found the 17th Century Dutch Dutch paintings hanging in the remaining part of the gallery to be much more to my liking. However, I don't intend to dismiss the Dream House in a glib fashion. The ideas behind it are worth evaluating, even if the experience itself was unsatisfying.

Light and sound are basic cosmic forces: mystical elements weaving their eternal life through the dance of the Universe. Life sprang from light, and is dependent on it. Matter can be divided into non-matter components, into dancing protons, neutrons and electrons—that is, into vibrations. Vibrations equal sound. Our bodies, and everything in our world are in tune with a colossal cosmic symphony.

Young and Zazeela's aesthetic attempts to put these notions into tangible form. Their rhythm, which is the hardest part of their

work to become attuned to, is the rhythm of electrons, of the earth spinning on its axis and revolving around the sun. I assume that the longer work, "Tortoise," has galactic rhythms. These rhythms are hard to grasp because they seem slow, slow, unbelievably slow. We are accustomed to rhythms geared to the beating of our hearts.

Their dream Dream House is one in which the music goes on forever so that it becomes a "living organism with a life and tradition of its own." Eternal music; music of the cosmos; ongoing life-force sound and light environment; music for the spheres, for the Gods, but not for us poor mortals.

All very interesting. But without the program notes I would have been completely lost. If ya gotta explain it, ya got no claim to aesthetics. To begin with, Marian Zazeela's visuals are just plain dull. No amount of aesthetic rationalization or dope or anything else would make any difference. LaMonte Young's exploration of music, given his mathematical-mystical notes, seems to have been very deep and wide. But his music, I guess, is just too far-out intellectual, too esoteric, to grapple with. I don't see how anyone whose head is not where his is could possibly appreciate it honestly. To be brutally frank, it sounded exactly like two people singing "om" into mikes. Nothing more.

Still, I'm glad he's making his experiments. We need the Stockhausens, Cages, Partches, et al to point out paths in the wilderness to follow or not to follow. I'm just not inclined to listen to their work very much. Usually not more than once, in fact.

I have some reservations about the aesthetic operatives of Dream House to add to my dissatisfaction

with the way in which they were realized. Now the idea, as I understand it, is for us to break the fast mechanical rhythm of our lives and tune in to the eternal rhythm of the cosmos, to arrive at that meditative state of ego-loss in which we are one with the macrocosm (the universe) rather than with the microcosm of our social sub-stratum and our ego.

That's a tall order. Sitting there, I couldn't help but say, "oh crap." I am forced to deal with human problems here and now, and I want art—which is created by humans—to be for humans. I want it to be interesting, not boring. Inasmuch as the cosmos, the deep, intrigues me, it is not nearly as important to me as is my life within it, or as important to me as my wife or my friends. I'm going to be dead for a long time. Bury me in a Dream House. I don't have time for them now.

Environmental art is a very rich form, full of potential. It is perhaps the art form of our age. Young and Zazeela realized the most minimal imaginable quantity of that potential, which is the source of my disappointment in their work.

To seek immortality through their work is a classic conceit of artists, and the Dream House that Young and Zazeela propose to build is a very pointed example of this conceit. Further, it seems somewhat pretentious for humans to construct such a premise for other humans. My major quarrel with Zazeela-Young and with Oriental religion centers on the guru syndrome, which smacks of the Western papal hang-up. There is that tone of spiritual superiority, of condescension, that rankles me. I don't mean this as a blanket condemnation of Eastern philosophy, but damn it, we all eat, shit, drink, piss, breathe and fuck, and in the here and now, that's what it's all about.



Address your questions about dope to Brian Grant, in care of Space City



Since I didn't get any letters this week, I thought I'd report on the San Antonio Conference on Drug Abuse which I attended in late November. The Conference was well attended, mostly by physicians, and featured some of the outstanding men in psychochemical research. In general, friends, the word was good.

For one thing, Andrew Weil cleared up the LSD and chromosome myth in no uncertain terms. He and others bitterly complained that agencies who propagate scare stories like this make it impossible for others to close the credibility gap when they are telling the truth... if ever.

As I mentioned last time, David Smith reported that in his experience (as director of the Haight Ashbury Medical Clinic) LSD flashbacks are generally psychogenic, and can be essentially eliminated by proper pre-trip indoctrination and a good guide. Smith also discussed the phenomenon of amphetamine psychosis, which he described as caused by the deterioration of tissue in the cerebral cortex due to extensive speeding.

I got to have lunch with Smith and asked him about what has been happening in the Haight since I was there last. He got very grim and told me that the place is a nightmare: killings and rapes, kids wiring in for five days then using heroin as a down, epidemic disease, death. Smith is obviously a head himself; he came to the Haight when the gentle people were there and watched as they were crowded out by the plastic hippies, the tourists, and the death drugs. He is understandably bitter about meth.

Weil gave an historical perspective to acid; from a plaything for intellectuals and academic researchers in the 40's and 50's to a plaything for children in the 70's. He is down on Leary for bringing acid too much mass publicity too soon. Weil told me privately that he and his followers have developed auto-hypnotic techniques for consciousness expansion, and I plan to work his system into a project in states of consciousness I am preparing for a thesis; so you'll hear more about it later.

I have a few announcements to make. There is now plenty of dope in town, going as low as \$10 a lid, and some of it is the best grass I've seen in Houston in two years. If your dealer is still looking for famine prices, tell him where he can put his weed.

You can get a chart listing all the major mind drugs and their effects by writing National Sex and Drug Forum, 330 Ellis St., San Francisco.

David Smith publishes a magazine called the Journal of Psychedelic Drugs full of highly esoteric information: expensive, but worth it. The address is JPD, P. O. Box 27278, San Francisco, 94127.

Last and dearest to my heart is my wish that all of you get your hands on a book called The Inland Island by Josephine Johnson. Here is a straight, middle-aged woman who writes with a poet's hand and an acidhead's eyes. She weaves her love of life, the sad wisdom of her age, her bitter protest of our war, and her profound perceptions about man and his world into a feast for the mind.



The Black Ensemble presented Douglas Turner Ward's DAY of Absence and LeRoi Jones' Dutchman last month. I don't feel that it is now too late to discuss some things about the performance, for the event itself is quite important. It is the first full scale production by a new black theatre group (previously the Black Ensemble had presented For My People, a poetry reading of black writers).

Dutchman is a play about a young black man who is accosted by a white girl on a subway, "the steaming underbelly of the city." Their names are Clay and Lula. Jones has been criticized for weighting his play toward the black man's side (are their sides? what's the name of this vicious game?) But as Lula molds Clay this way and that to suit her perverted needs, it becomes clear that she is prototypically white, playing at seduction and finally murdering her prey. Could there be a more accurate metaphor for the black-white relationship?

The play is not depicting individual people so much as presenting

history through prototypes. Certainly, all whites, individually, are not as hideous as Lula, but then not all blacks are as articulate in their rage as Clay. Dutchman is a powerful and poetic work showing us - black and white - not why, but how we came to where we are today. It says to whites, in effect, "Don't do-good us, baby, clean up your own filth."

Day of absence is a minstrel show in reverse - blacks in white face. A sleepy Southern town awakes one day to find itself without its 'niggers.' Absence is perhaps too gentle in its comedy, but it shows up the white supremacists as totally dependent on the blacks. And in its comedy, Day of Absence gives strong support to black rebellion. (One line in the play is even more pertinent now than when the play was written. The mayor, frantically seeking out the blacks after their disappearance, decides to look in the prisons. "Some of our best nigras are in jail," he says.)

These plays deal with important contemporary issues. They are much more relevant and entertaining than

most plays being done by other Houston theatres. Plays like Dutchman and Day of Absence present, almost for the first time, a black man as a

major theatre character. These plays recognize this hideous oversight of American theatre, and give an opportunity for black directors and actors to take their rightful place in the cultural life of the community. By providing this opportunity, a new audience is being reached. (There were more blacks than whites in the audience the night I saw the plays. That is something you never see at other theatres. Theatre should not be for a few privileged people who see themselves as the cultural elite.)

The Black Ensemble, and other black theatres around the country and the world, are remedying the dull situation that theatre has fallen into. A new life is being given to theatre. That news should be told to those theatregoers and patrons who sleep through their lives, "Wake up, there's thunder on the hill."

I found the production somewhat lacking in technical proficiency, but that is much less important than the fact that the Black Ensemble does exist and is offering new hope for Houston theatre.

# Black Theater In Houston

by Ron Jarvis

## FOOD PRICES CLUBBED

A few months ago a small group of people met to discuss the outrageous food prices found in every grocery store in Houston. They were people who were in a position to effectively lower the prices they paid. They realized this and began taking action immediately. In the weeks since the initial meeting, the prices they have paid on many food items have been cut in half.

This influential group of people were not legislators or grocery store owners. They were just people, known by professionals in the mar-

ket as "customers," "consumers," or "marks." What they did was form a food club. Each of them put a few dollars into a pot. Each person also ordered the food he or she wanted for the next week. Then, four or five members (different ones each week) went to bakeries, dairies, farmers' markets, and other places and bought the food at wholesale and lower prices. The foods are much fresher and the savings are often amazing. Someone makes a lot of money off the food bought in stores!

The size of our group has now

grown to about thirty families. As we continue to grow we are able to get a wider variety of foods at cheaper and cheaper prices. We are now buying eggs, bakery and dairy products, vegetables, fruits, and a few other things. We are looking for freezers so we can get wholesale meats.

If you or some member of your family eats food, and would like to work with other good folks to save money, call Sherwood Bishop at 526-6257 or write the Food Club at 1217 Wichita (77004) today.

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# War on Pollution ...

continued from 3

sewage through its treatment plant and dumping it directly into Galveston Bay. The Committee threatened action under federal pollution laws.

The criticism upset all of the state and local pollution officials, who cling to the states' rights dictum that home-town folks know what's best for Texas, even if it means that the agencies are fronting for the companies they are designed to regulate.

Local agencies have a self-explanatory record on pollution control. City pollution director John Lamont has long publicly stated his belief that vehicular exhaust accounts for 90 per cent of Houston's air pollution, and that industrial and municipal pollution is negligible. The city of Houston has filed only one suit against industry charging non-compliance with pollution regulations — last year against International Chemical and Minerals.

On the other hand, Harris County pollution officer Dr. Walter Quebedeaux believes that smoky exhausts comprise only about two percent of Houston pollution. But he has taken no aggressive action against ship channel polluters.

Quebedeaux discounts federal funds and grants as "impossible red tape" and federal pollution guidelines as insensitive to the "local situation." Many observers feel that Quebedeaux talks a lot about pollution but for some reason doesn't do much about it.

Most of the Harris County civil suits against polluters (87 per cent of them in 1969) are filed against small garbage dumps, the little guys with no political influence.

Pollution control officials seem to instinctively copy Nixon's War on Pollution. A piecemeal approach through public works: handing out a project here or there, running an experiment, tightening a law. They create the image of slowly correcting these complicated environmental problems. Meanwhile, the oil and chemical industries do what they damn well please.

The central issue in pollution is the strategy of these industries — how they plan to extend their monopolies over energy resources — and the ecology slogan has become a front for their rip-off of the earth.

What can we do? We can wise up to the fact that you can't depend on polluters to regulate pollution, and the day is long passed (if indeed it ever existed)

when the people had the upper hand over business through government. In fact, the federal government and its industrial allies are the main source of pollution.

A reasonable demand is that the government and those exploitative super-corporations relinquish their control over the economy and the environment, leaving people free to organize their own lives and communities, according to the laws of nature rather than the dictates of the dollar. Until such event, however, we should view with the utmost distrust every such pronouncement as Tricky Dick's New Year's day resolution — remembering that for big government and big business, every day is April Fool's day.

Our proposal is a "workable approach," recognizing "far-reaching social, political and legal decisions." The likes of Hickel and Klein may not understand this, so it will be up to us to make it workable. They will call our proposal "unrealistic"; they prefer the realism of Santa Barbara and Vietnam.

(Much of the information in the first part of this article appeared in "Hard Times," Box 3573, Washington, DC 20007.)

## Village Creek ...

continued from 1

wood is about to get a permit to overflow its septic tank into the creek during flood periods, two or three times a year.

But this is still a beautiful creek. The water is clear by muddy Texas standards, and there's big, white sandy beaches around every turn.

The point is that Village Creek isn't polluted yet. Unlike most Texas streams, Village Creek needs to be merely preserved, not regenerated. The group that's supposed to insure this is the Texas Water Quality Board, but Baxter described their workings thusly:

"What does the Texas Water Quality Board do?

Answer: they grant permits to pollute. Why say a hard thing like that? Answer: because the streams are being polluted, and you ever hear of any industry being told no?"

Nope, not hardly.

After another barbecued sausage, we thanked the Baxters for their hospitality, promised to tell people about Village Creek, and headed back for Houston.

The Texas Water Quality Board will hold a hearing on Evans' request, probably in a month or so (we'll let you know when). It would be a good thing for a lot of concerned folks to show up there. Now you've been told.

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## Marxisms



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**TIME MARX'S ON!**

## Free University

A Free University of sorts, oriented towards high school students, is being started in Houston. The University of Thought, which is being coordinated by VISTA workers, will begin the week of Feb. 15 on the campuses of Rice and the University of Houston.

Most courses being taught were selected from among choices made by high school students on an interest finder distributed at local high schools. The classes will be taught by university professors and graduate students. Theoretically, students will discuss with the teachers what they want to learn and how they want to learn it.

All classes will be free and there will be no grades or scholastic credit given. Classes will run from 7 to 8:30 pm one night a week for 10 weeks.

Courses now planned include the following: Social Action Workshop, Tolkien's Works, Racism and Prejudice, Rock and Blues Analysis, Chicano Studies, Astrology, Ecology and Pollution, New Left Seminar and Space Sciences.

Registration for courses will begin the week of Feb. 8 at many area high schools. For more information on the University of Thought, call 526-7743 or write University of Thought, 3505 S. Main, Houston.

## UofH Film Series

Presents the Pather Pancholi Trilogy

Feb. 6 — Pather Pancholi  
Feb. 13 — Aparajito  
Feb. 20 — The World of Apu

Directed by world famous Satyajit Ray, whose work in this trilogy of human suffering of a Brahman family struggling to survive in contemporary India has won such prizes as Venice Grand Prize and San Francisco Top Award. At U. of Houston Library Auditorium. Admission 50 cents. Fridays, 8 pm.



# Selective Servitude

## Who's on the Draft Boards

The Selective Service System regulations leave room for a great deal of discretion and interpretation on the part of the Local Draft Boards. As a result, each of the nation's almost 4,100 Local Boards has different standards and practices. The argument in defense of this decentralized arrangement is that the crucial act of selection of men for conscription should be made by these panels of part-time volunteers. These "little groups of neighbors" are representative of their communities, so they know who can best be spared from the community. This is, of course, a line of total bullshit, as a look at some of the social characteristics of Local Board members will show us.

The most complete information on local Board members was compiled in 1967 by the National Advisory Commission on Selective Service (the Marshall Commission). Even though these statistics are two years old, they aren't out of date because Local Board memberships change only very slowly.

Especially interesting from the point of view of the 18 to 26-year-old registrants are the advanced ages of the Local Board members. In 1967:

- 22% of all local board members were over 70 years of age,
- almost 50% were over 60,
- and two-thirds were veterans (many from WWI).

The typical five-member Local Board would include:

- three veterans (at least one from WWI),

- at least one member over 70,
- no more than one member under 50.

Racially in 1967:

- 1.3% of all Local Board members are Negro (pronounced "knee-grow").
- In four Southern states (Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, and Arkansas) there were no non-whites on Local Boards.
- Other Southern and border states had only a few non-whites.
- Northern states had only token membership of racial minorities.

Occupationally, Local Board members are drawn chiefly from the upper-middle-class strata of professionals, managers, and proprietors (missing are the more mobile & higher status occupations such as salesmen or doctors). Although one-half of the male labor force is employed in blue-collar jobs, only 9% of all Local Board members in 1967 reported that they were blue collar workers.

Local Boards in Houston are very true to this nationwide pattern. Selective Service boards in Harris County, Texas, (including the Eastern Area Appeal Board of Texas) have a total membership of 59. Thirty-one of these people (52.4%) are businessmen. Another 15 are professionals of some sort (school officials, attorneys, etc.). There are 2 technicians, 1 clerical worker, 1 agricultural proprietor, and 1 laborer (1.7%). There was no information available on the occupations of the other 8.

According to the latest available figures (1960 Census) only 12% of the total

included in the occupational grouping of "managers, officials, proprietors including farms." 33% of the employed labor force was included in the occupational category "operatives, private household workers, laborers except miners and service workers." Pretty easy to see just who's being represented on the Houston area draft boards.

Officially, local board members are appointed by the president on the recommendation of the governor. What happens in most states when a vacancy occurs on a local board is that the remaining members nominate one of their acquaintances to state headquarters, which then passes the recommendation on to the Governor for rubber-stamping. Many other states recruit new members through the offices of the State Director of Selective Service.

Texas is one state which has a definite method for filling local board vacancies. The new member is appointed (technically, recommended to the governor) by a four-man committee consisting of the county clerk, county judge, chairman of the local board, and a member of the local veteran's committee.

So we see that local board members are not "neighbors" in any representative sense. They come predominantly from a well-defined stratum of the upper-middle class, they are usually white and old, and they are to a great degree self-perpetuating.

Nor are they "neighbors" in the geographical sense. The regulations state "that if practicable," board members should

looked at the residences of the Houston area boards and found the following.

None of the members of the four "inner city" draft boards, covering the areas with the highest concentration of minority population and poor housing, live within the boundaries of their district. Of the six remaining boards in the Houston area, only 13 of 32 members live within their jurisdictional areas. Two board members reside illegally outside the county limits. (Regulations require board members to live within the county where their jurisdictional area is located.)

The most important question left unexplained now that we know who does the drafting is who are the draftees? Guaranteed deferments for college, frequently followed by occupational, Reserve, or National Guard deferments, introduce a strong economic bias into the conscription process in favor of the upper and upper-middle classes.

On the other hand, the lowest income grouping gains considerable relief from the draft due to the fact that so many of them fail the physical or do poorly on the Armed Forces Qualifying Test. In fact, as many people are given deferments for failing the AFQT as are given deferments for attending college.

As a result, the threat of induction hovers most compellingly over the working and lower-middle classes. To sum up: the present Selective Service System can be seen as a grant of power to the old of the upper-middle class to draft the sons of the working and lower-middle classes.

## Space City Unclassifieds

For a free ad, fill out the form and send it to Space City News, 1217 Wichita, Houston, Texas 77004.


## FREE TO FOLKS (for now)

We aren't going to accept sex ads. We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of human sexuality, especially that of women.

(Not all of them are exploitative, of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't, and we don't have the time or energy to debate every ad.)

"El Aguila Gasolinera" A chicano co-operative gas station (MAYO). 1417 Lorraine - 226-8993. (Sinclair) regular- 24.9c. ethyl- 27.9c. oil- 40c. w/mechanics. SUPPORT LA CAUSA. PATRONIZE EL AGUILA.

All new. "The Alchemist: The Chemistry of Hallucinogens" is the most complete book of hallucinogens yet offered. All substances described are legal and dosages and effects are given. Includes detailed procedures for Amphetamines, Lysergamides, Phenethylamines, Indoles, Cannabinols, Natural Plants and more. Send \$5.00 to T.O.U., 6311 Yucca St., Dept. 197, Hollywood, Calif., 90028. Ecstasy or refund. Plain envelope.

FOR SALE CHEAP - '66 Ford Econoline super-van custom-built camper, automatic trans., call Cam at 526-6257.

Head Rancho Leather Goods. Custom-made vests, hats, panchos and miscellaneous paraphernalia. 1801 Heights. 864-7192.

Used and new 10-speed bicycles. Good service. Headquarters for Century Road Club of America. The Cycle Proprietary, 2534 Amherst, 529-1743.

Daniel Boone: Pedals, Used bicycles Rebuilt 3 speeds - \$25-35, 10 speeds - \$45 and up. 5318 Crawford.

Wanted: Used furniture for local 4th ward project. Please, donations only. Phone 622-2186 after six.

The Small Store. Art Supplies -- lowest prices in town. 1226 Jackson Blvd. (Waugh and Jackson, one block north of Fairview.)

Colorful Cuban posters. Published by organization of solidarity with the peoples of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Send 25c for postage to: OSPAAAL Posters, c/o LNS, 160 Claremont Ave., New York, N.Y. 10027.

Ghostbreakers Inc. - investigators of psychic phenomena; spiritual manifestations; hauntings; poltergeists; and all preternatural occurrences. Contact P. Ahrens or W. Wheatley - 522-7911 ext. 307.

Revolutionary Literature--Marx, Mao, Lenin, Stalin. Pamphlets on Panthers, Imperialism, Workers' Struggles, etc. Leave name and phone for Bob c/o Space City (526-6257).

Critics, writers needed for gratis contributions to new publication on arts and entertainment in Space City. Write Pigmentasia, 2209 S Shepherd, No. 3, 77019.

Swap usable clothes, womens sizes 7 to 9, mens size 44. Shoes, sweaters slacks, shirts, pocket books, clock radio, 2 bar stools, rugs, soup dishes, records, books, what-have-you. 668-2409 most anytime.

Lynn Kirkpatrick or anyone knowing her whereabouts please contact Stephen or Johnny at 522-3265. It's for your own sake.

Astrology has provided answers for personal problems for 6,000 years. It might have the answer for you. Personal charts set up. By appointment only. (Also tarot card readings) --Edward F. Lacey III, 668-3107

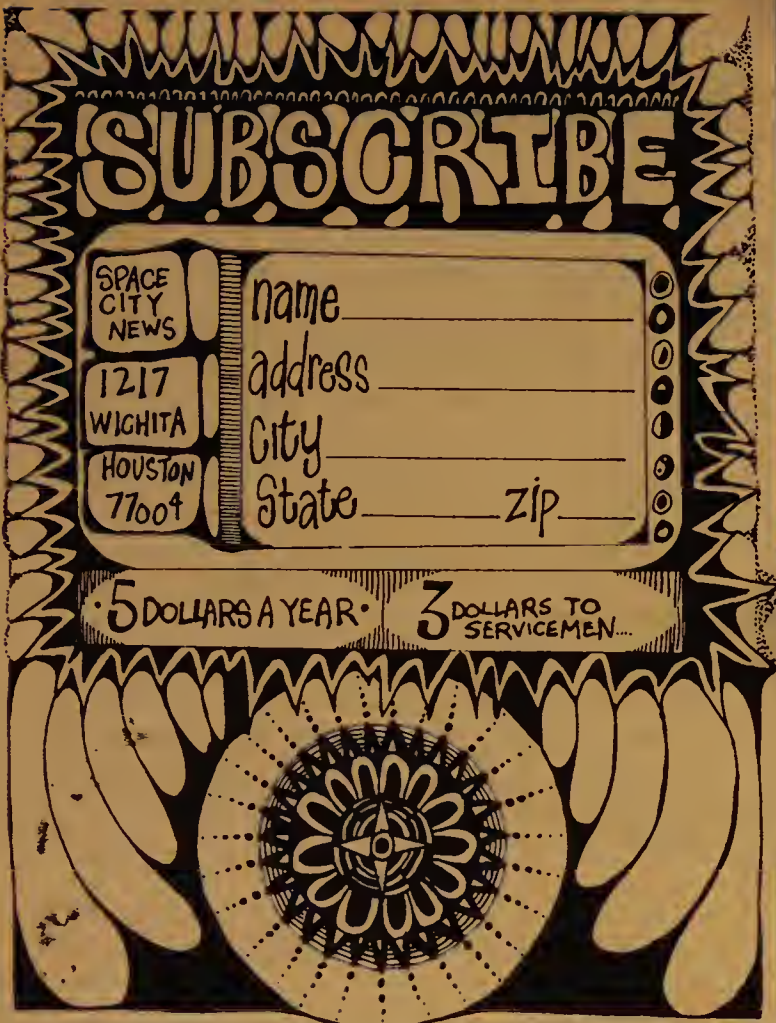
For a sample copy of America's best homosexual mag., send \$1 to Tangents, 3473 1/2 Cahuenga, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Super Beatle Amp and Gibson Thinline Hollow-body Guitar All in perfect playing condition. Call John at 785-5447 after 9:30 p.m.

Need male roommate to share furnished 1 bedroom apt., bills paid, and tremendous stereo system. \$42.50/mo. 522-2171 before 9:30 after 9:30

JOHN LEN lithographs with Yoko 0 catalog entire collection, send \$5.00, 236 East 10021.





## Dope Busts...

continued from 2

Houston's ever-expanding flock of dope freaks (be they spaced-out acid heads or secret pot-smoking, short-hair, straight-jobbers).

Things have been opening up some in this city. The legendary heavy vibrations, the traditional fear of breaking away, the resistance to pulling together—all have been subsiding. And dope (here we are talking about grass and the psychedelics) has, we believe, played an important role in this development, at least among white, primarily middle class youth. This phenomena has been no more visible than in the high schools, where more and more kids are challenging old mores and social patterns and are beginning to see how those things are linked to authoritarian social structures.

Anyway, the authorities are certainly aware of this. And they want to smash it. But they don't know how to do it. That's because they don't have any answers. They can barely decipher the questions: all they can grasp is that somewhere here, there's a challenge to their control. This country has nothing to offer alienated affluent youth, just as it can't meet the needs of poor blacks, chicanos, Indians, or poor whites.

Those in power—the Louie Welches, the Preston Smiths, the Roy Hofheinzes, and the cops that carry out their orders—can't deal with the causes of the problems. Even if they could understand what's going on and had the most benevolent of instincts, they couldn't make any real changes: the problems lie with Amerika itself, with a decadent and corrupt social system. Our "leaders" are able to strike out only at this or that manifestation of rebellion. And smoking dope, for some in this society, is certainly a sign of rebellion.

(At the same time heavy narcotics enslave millions of poor people, ruining their minds and bodies, and pacifying rebellious instincts. Speed and heroin threaten to provide a similar trap for today's hip youth. We don't condone the use of those drugs. But we don't think Superbusts have the least bit of effect on them.)

If dope had no spiritual, communalizing value, it would still be significant: thousands upon thousands of people are thumbing their noses at Amerika's sacred Law'n order.

This rap could go on for pages and still be very incomplete. We hope to write more about these questions later, but we thought it important to make some comments now, while the subject's on everyone's mind.

And of course, our advice: Keep on Truckin'; Join in the fight against the Monster; Dig your heads at the same time; Get together because together we are strong; And piss on the Astrodome!

Lovin' and fightin',

THE SPACE CITY COLLECTIVE

## Communist...

continued from 2

munist," hut who had a sign saying that only I enjoyed that distinction.

So focus on this mad scene. Here's short beard showing Space City, long beard following in close order formation, carefully allowing me to make my about-face without tripping over him, he showing his sign in red letters: "THIS MAN IS A COMMUNIST!"

If ever I needed to make sales, it was now. I truly felt that democracy was at stake in this clash of ideas. And as in all historical confrontations, the people would decide. Feel my elation when this girl in a car motioned, smiled like all sunshine and ordered one. Then she asked longheard, "where are your bags?" He dug that like he dug what communists are. A blank. Then she asked sweetly, "How do you know he is a communist?" All confidence, Mr. SA Longbeard allowed that "he knew!" Furthermore, he said she "must be a communist, too." She blew her cool and shouted obscenities at this all-knowing superman who could tell the vibrations of a communist down to the nth degree.

But there we were, marching up and down, like a Me and My Shadow routine for some 45 minutes. And we had an audience a rock show producer would envy. Then the comedy routine took on dramatic overtones as another ex-Cuban joined the first. He jabbed a finger in the air and demanded to buy all my newspapers. He could not understand why I would sell him only one, not all of them. (Thinking about it all later, I figured I could have sold the 50-odd papers, pocketed the needed bread, and then sold papers at another corner.)

Well, Act III of this comic drama was set when a car pulled up and a girl asked for a paper, read Mr. SA's sign, and asked for another Space City — all the time studying the face of the frustrated sign-painter.

Something snapped in him. Somehow the atmosphere changed from screwy humor to a deadly seriousness. After all, the ex-Cuban, in all his naive belief that he knew what Americans should read, never expected that motorists, after reading his sign would then go ahead and buy papers. So he stomped off, grumbling.

Just then another bearded dude came on to the scene. He said, friendly, that he was an amateur photographer and his wife had described the mad scene on the street and he thought Me and My Shadow would make a great picture. At this moment, Mr. SA popped out of the station again, with his sign and renewed fervor. But he told the photographer: no picture; it was against his policy.

Somehow the photographer talked the ex-Cuban into stretching his policy a little to allow, not his face but just his arm and the sign to show.

But more activity stirred in the service station where the ex-Cuban had painted his sign. Mr. Super-Arm-With-Sign-But-No-Profile-Please was now joined by three other raw jabbering nerves, all emotional be-

cause a photographer, with a heard yet, wanted to preserve for history the action in the street.

As one argued with the photographer, another tried to grab my armful of Space City papers. But I politely refused by pulling them out of his grip and staring him down. Blushed with this victory, I decided to leave as it was getting dark. I stalked away. Behind me a group of raw nerves circled the photographer, who evidently took pictures, but craftily denied it. They threatened to take his camera away.

Then the guy who tried to swipe my Space City's began in the most slapstick maneuver, to unobtrusively come toward me without directly looking at me. So I moved to my car, locked the door and started up the engine. One stood in front of me, with a look almost pleading that I wouldn't really run over him, while the other started to kick the car. Angry, I waved the guy ahead of me out of the way and started toward him. He made a beautiful move to the right, like a bull fighter, as I moved into the street. The other nut, some 6 foot 5 inches of Cuban frustration, treated my car like it was a soccer ball, but the six cylinder engine finally pulled me ahead of his Super Patriotic feet, which later I found left a rubber heel print on my car.

Well, I thought I was home free, until an old lady leaned out of her car in traffic and shouted, "What did you do, steal that car?" Another witty dialogue that only reality, not a play, would allow. "No, lady," I said softly, it's just democracy in action. Free press, free speech, free kicks."

\*\*\*\*

All this sounds funny now. But the next day, the pattern of harassment continued. This time a guy threatened my life. Scene: Montrose and Westheimer. A brown-skinned dude, no obvious Cuban accent, leans out of a big, black Cadillac, 1969-70 vintage, and says, "You'll die. We'll kill you, you communist." Then he begins talking to someone on a mobile phone in the car.

I shouted back as a black man and a young girl stood transfixed by the outburst: "Okay, man. I got two witnesses right here, license plate number PPT 520."

But for the record Mr. Policeman subscribers: he's about six foot, thin, weighs about 145, black hair, dark skinned, brown eyes, and when he is excited, he won't hear you when you reply.

Anyway, readers, I'll let you know what happens next!

Shortbeard the Vendor

P.S. I don't mean for this to sound like it's something that happens everytime you walk out to the corner with newspapers under your arm. I've sold before dozens of times, and except for an occasional bird, most people are really friendly.





# SPACE IN



U. of St. Thomas Series, "What is Cinema Comedy?"  
8 pm at Anderson Hall.  
Feb 3 - To be announced  
Feb 10 - WHEN COMEDY WAS KING (several Chaplin and Keaton masterpieces)

Rice University Media Center Series. Fridays & Saturdays at 8 pm, Rice students & faculty free, others \$1.  
Films shown in Biology Auditorium:  
Jan 29 - BRANDY IN THE WILDERNESS and GEORG (Stanton Kay)  
Jan 30 - CHRONICLE OF A SUMMER (Jean Rouch) MOONEY vs. THE FOWLE

(all films after Feb 1 will be shown at the Rice Institute for the Arts Auditorium, Stockton at University):  
Feb 3 - MANKIND (Rossellini)  
Feb 4 - PAISAN ( " )  
Feb 5 - OPEN CITY ( " )  
Feb 6 - INTIMATE LIGHTING (Ivan Passer)  
Feb 12 - BEFORE THE REVOLUTION (Bertolucci)  
Feb 13 - LA NOTTE (Antonioni)

U. of Houston Film Series, 7 & 10 pm in Oberholzer Hall, admission \$.50  
Feb 4 - WHERE EAGLES DARE  
Feb 6 - ELVIRA MADIGAN  
Feb 9 - BLACK ORPHEUS  
Feb 11 - GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER

Pather Pancholi Trilogy (directed by Satyajit Ray), Library Auditorium, U. of Houston, 8 pm, \$.50  
Feb 6 - PATHER PANCHOLI  
Feb 13 - APARAJITO  
Feb 20 - THE WORLD OF APU

"THE ARRANGEMENT" at the Majestic. The need to be himself explodes Kirk Douglas' "arrangement." Elia Kazan jabs at society's usually accepted norms for a good life.

Multi-Media VISTA happening at 8 pm on Feb 12, FREE, in the Houston Room at U of H.

Paintings of Manabu Mabe on exhibit at the Museum of Fine Arts in Cullinan Hall, through March 29.

THE EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE at U of H, featuring courses on Leathercraft, Propaganda and Pig Press, Educational Reform, and others, begins the week of Feb 2. For info and schedules, call 748-6600 ext 1253.

Watch Ch 13 at 12:30 pm, Sunday Feb 1 for "Tomorrow is Today," Rice U; design professors predict the city of the future.

"Water and Air Pollution Laws: What are They?" Ch 8, Sunday Feb 15 at 6 pm. Panelists include Dr. Herbert McKee & district attorney Carol Vance.

Michael Harrington, noted writer on poverty, will speak at the U. of Houston at 8 pm on Feb 13

Milby Park rock concerts every Sunday afternoon, FREE. Good vibes, a nice place to hawk Space City! Pollution by Goodyear. Lights by Panama Red.

AN EVENING WITH SWEET PETER, Thurs - Sat at 8:30 - 12 pm. Folk, rock, Blues group. FREE at Willie's Pub in the Flea Mart, 120 Milam.

IRON BUTTERFLY and THE BLUES IMAGE, 8 pm Feb 7 at the Coliseum.

HEAVEN AND EARTH and BIG SWEET play at Love Street on Jan 30-31.

"CEREMONY" by Spooky Tooth is an English import on the Island label. This semi-human barrage of sounds, written by Pierre Henry and Gary Wright, assaults the senses for an unlimited number of responses ... a sense of eerie foreboding ... hauntingly beautiful melodies ... dig it! (- Susan Tillman)

LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS and JOHN LOMAX JR in "Dialogue of Blues and Folk Music" 8 pm, Feb 1, at the Jewish Community Center, 5601 S. Braeswood. \$1.50 for students & Center members, others \$2.00.

SERGIO MENDES in concert at the Hofheinz Pavilion at U of H, 7 pm Feb 15. \$3 students, \$5 public.



MADNESS OF LADY BRIGHT by Lanford Wilson and BIRDBATH by Leonard Melfi, directed by Max Zimme last shows at Autry House, 6265 S. Main on Feb 30-31. THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE opens Feb 6, directed by Roger Glade. 524-3168.

DEAR LIAR by Jerome Kilty, who will play Shaw and also direct the production, opening Feb 5 at the Alley.

FANTASTICS, runs Feb 11-14 at 8 pm at the Jones Auditorium, University of St. Thomas.

Houston Laboratory Theatre, a new experimental ensemble, will hold readings for ROMEO AND JULIET on Sunday, Monday, Tues and Wed nights, Feb 8, 9, 10, 11, at 8 pm at 303 Hawthorne. The production will be directed by Gary Chason, and is to open in mid-April. People interested in all aspects of theatre are welcome. For further info, call 524-3621.

ARIES RISING, the rock musical, has been postponed at least until mid-march. Actors and technical workers are needed: call director Paul John Stevens, 522-3463.

## NOLA Express

versus

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# HEAR GOOD NEWS

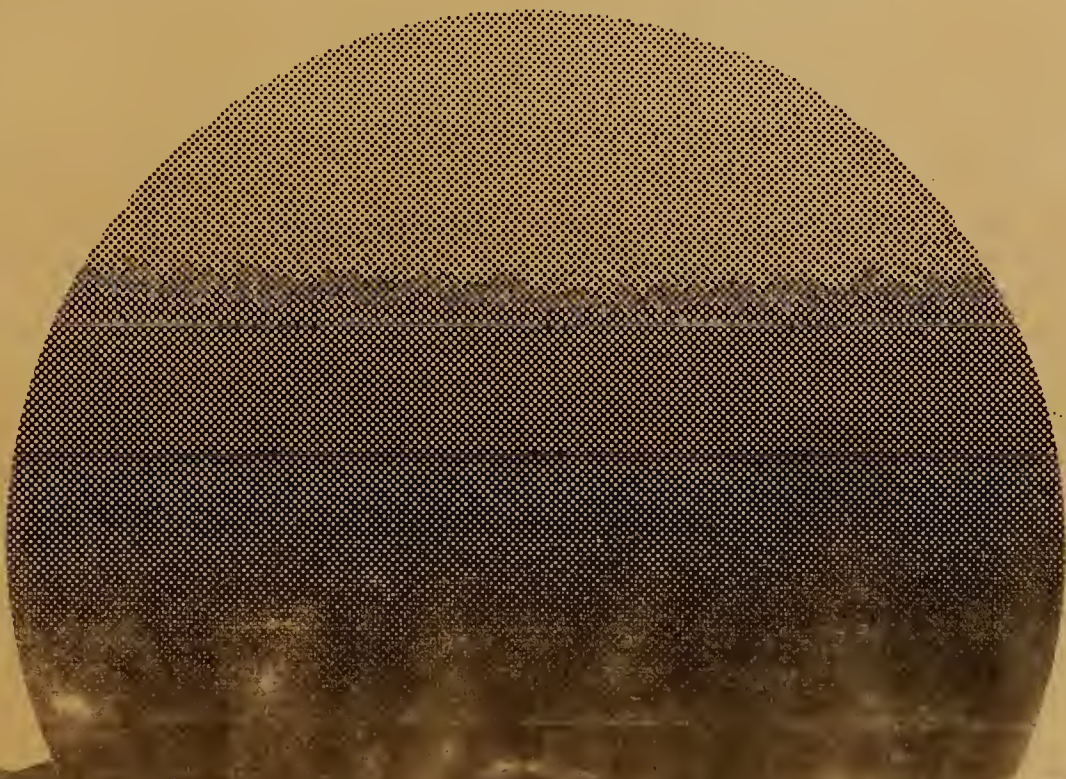
## SEVEN DAYS A WEEK

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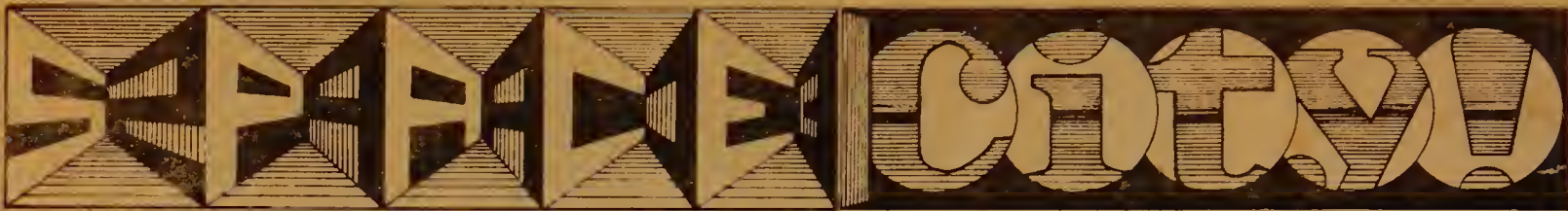
the beautiful people  
music station...

## KRBE

## FM 104.1







## And Now -- Part 1

Summer was a fearful time  
It left me hours for thought  
And I thought.  
Every summer I dreamed of love  
A time there was I could have sworn  
I had found it.  
It could be yet that I have.  
But our love is stretched taut  
And thin, by distance. My dreams  
Are different.  
At night I am tormented with dreams of desire  
But my hopes are colder.  
This could be death coming for me  
But somehow I doubt it.  
Many of the old fantasies  
The ones I fed on last summer--  
They are gone. I cannot return to them.  
But the fear remains . . .  
Even in the face of the new visions.

### AND NOW--part II

My room holds the scent of flowers that died, imprisoned  
Dead-centre it is  
Of the city that lives in spite of me.  
Dust ignoring the very roaches  
Leaving tracks, in the greyness.

I have learned to leave buildings behind in my walks.  
They may fall on me  
On days like this. The days  
Are all like this.

I am cold.  
I am grown cold with too much remembering.  
Remembering that you loved me  
Remembering that you remembered me.  
These are the walks I take, without a compass.

Minds that would open  
Minds that would warm to my touch  
Are snapt shut now, while I nurse  
My frozen fingers.

Let others come.  
Let others take my citadel and be welcome.  
But without a smile.  
Let them cart the ruins away.  
For my room holds the scent of flowers that died, imprisoned  
Dead Centre  
Of the City that lives in spite of me.

Paula Thorsen

## Oedipus Plus One



after taxes  
I had a father left  
a mother right  
after father mothered up  
what was left  
of what was right  
taxes  
  
after january  
I had a somewhat  
danish year-a pastry calendar  
left by my mother  
(who fled my right father)  
and I ate that too

before me  
my father had my mother  
they had me  
their error lay  
in possession -- mine  
in assumption

Joseph Barnett

## American Party

The new pressed lover in the laund-  
romat  
tumbled together/supple sot  
laughed and leaked--starch rigid digit  
colour hunted notes to a seem simple  
figit  
pumped wet cloth into one brief bun-  
dle  
half dried lives in a hot fast fumble  
Joseph Barnett  
Pasadena

## With What I

Believed to be a 45  
hid out under the trestles  
Melvin came later  
told me it was a bazooka  
he said look  
Bazooka Man they'll call you all over  
the lot you'll be famous  
you shouldn't step out  
on instant notariaty like that  
  
Maybe, I thought, I would go home and ask my mama  
but he said look  
with that kind of a bazooka  
you can renounce any kinship you ever got born with  
and come up higher than anywhere you ever  
heard about  
so he said Al Capone and Babe Ruth both  
is second rate flunkies when you got  
any kind of bazooka like that  
  
I said I would give it to him if he would get his sis  
to come down under the trestle where I was for a minute  
  
He seemed to think about it for a minute  
and he swung his arms around and spit on the ground  
two or three times to let me know he didn't take  
anything like that too lightly  
and then he said  
maybe she will and maybe she wont  
but how do I know  
its a bazooka like you said it was  
at least, I said  
it is a 45 or a 38, don't you want your sis  
to get in with somebody with a big bore  
he said maybe  
it was a 38 or a 32, but I would have to wait around  
like it or not until after  
his sis  
started coming home from school

--Judson Crews  
Wharton, Texas

